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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1903.

The Week.

It is obvious that the Administration is now walking more warily along its perilous Isthmian path. Its first fondness for rushing into a belligerent policy, and then looking about to find law for it, has passed away. Take the case of the Colombians who are reported to have landed on an island in the waters of Panama. The old headlong way would have been to turn them out, bag and baggage. Now, it is said, they are to be politely asked to go away; but an' they will not, our naval commander is to sail off, thanking Heaven that he is rid of knaves. There is here a very shrewd test of the theory upon which the Administration has been acting. Its fantastic contention is that, in repelling Colombians from the territory of Panama by force, it was but proceeding under the treaty obligation to keep transit open. But how can Colombians on an island miles away threaten to obstruct transit over the Isthmus? Evidently, the wise men at Washington cannot answer. So they pull themselves up. Their new and gratifying caution is a sign that they are finding out how unpopular a war with Colombia would be. There would be no more "glory" in it than in kicking a newsboy into the gutter.

"No sheep can bite me and live," said a soldier, who came into camp bringing the carcass of one on his back, after an order against plundering had been issued. In like spirit, Secretary Moody now says, "Let the Colombians take the initiative." The initiative in what? If the Secretary means war, it is too late for the Colombians to take it now, because we took it seven weeks ago. When we sent cruisers to the Isthmus to prevent the Colombians from suppressing insurrections in their own territory, we forestalled any claim they might ever make to the initiative. It is strictly our own, and we so affirm, despite the warning of Congressman Hitt that "every bitter and inflammatory thing said here at home against our Government's course toward Colombia is repeated and spread broadcast there, inflaming a people who are always ready for a disturbance." What a topsy-turvy state the Illinois Congressman is in! If the Executive gets the nation into a war by usurping power, then nobody must object to a glaring and dangerous infraction of the Constitution lest the enemy should be inflamed to the point of defending his rights.

Secretary Hay finds support for our new diplomacy in an alleged peculiarity of our Isthmian treaty of 1846. It was originally made with a country called New Grenada. "The name of New Grenada has passed away; its territory has been divided." But our treaty, he tells us, "is a covenant, as lawyers say, that runs with the land." At that division of New Grenada territory, it ran with the land to the new State called Colombia. Having thus early shown its ability to run, what more natural than this nimble treaty should run again? We are, indeed, left to infer that it has obligingly lowered its own previous record, in order to keep pace with our lightning diplomacy. The Secretary's account is repeated in the President's message: "The name of New Grenada has passed away and its territory has been divided." Yet, strange to say, one seeks in vain for confirmation of this alleged division of the territory of New Grenada. It is not mentioned in any historical work that we have been able to discover. The maps of South America in the '40s show a New Grenada identical in shape and size with the Colombia of 1903. Further, the records show that the change of name from New Grenada to Colombia was made by the new constitution adopted between 1861 and 1863. Except for some readjustment of boundaries between her and neighboring States, the State with which we made the treaty of 1846, guaranteeing her rights of sovereignty and property in the Isthmus, is the precise State which we have now deprived of her sovereignty and property there—the very State from which we derived whatever legal right we have to be there at all. The treaty never ran until the new diplomacy made it run.

The Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Francis B. Loomis, has principally figured in the Panama farce-comedy hitherto as the actor who mistook his cue and rushed on the revolutionary stage several hours before there was a revolution. That telegram of his, signed "Loomis, Acting," was wittily used by Congressman Dinsmore to turn the laugh on the whole *bouffe* affair. Last week Mr. Loomis appeared in this city, and gave us another taste of his theatric quality. Speaking before the Quill Club, he unfolded a startling tale of the horrors that would have heaped on horror's head had not the President strained a treaty and violated precedent in his swift recognition of the Panama republic *pour rire*. Here we have at last the official version of that terrible "foreign complication" which drove the President to his rapid-fire recognition. If he had not acted on the instant, and if certain fell designs, which Mr. Loomis attributes to Colombia without a particle of proof adduced, had been carried out, we should have seen a French squadron bearing down upon the Isthmus; it might "easily have been followed by the ships of England and Holland," and there you would have had Panama turned into a Balkan State, which "might well have been expected to furnish the spark to set half of the world in flames." Nothing like a canal to quench that spark! So the "man in Washington who possessed insight," seized "the opportunity to strike a blow." According to Mr. Loomis, that one blow saved the whole world from coming to blows at Panama.

Interest in argument of counsel before the Supreme Court, in the Northern Securities appeal, has been greatest in the presentation by Mr. Johnson of the case for the Company, and of the Government's case by Attorney-General Knox. Mr. Johnson's line of defence may be concisely summarized as follows: First, as to restraint of trade. If there had been, in connection with the merger, any agreement to restrain competition between the two merged companies, then the case was ended and the merger proved illegal. But the purpose of the merger was, not to restrict, but to enlarge, create, and improve trade. Second, the form of merger is such that no agreement is involved, but merely sale of property by one set of persons to another; and bona-fide acquisition of property has never been held a contract or conspiracy in restraint of trade. The point on which the defence has throughout mainly rested is the plea of simple purchase of property by the Securities corporation. This, it will be recalled, is in line with Judge Lochren's opinion of last August, in the State of Minnesota versus the Northern Securities. On the other hand, one question was put by the court to Mr. Johnson, as pregnant as Justice Brown's famous query, a year and a half ago, whether, under the general scheme of merger, one person might not conceivably come to control all the railways of the country. Justice Brewer asked, on Monday, whether Mr. Johnson's argument would not justify merger of all our transcontinental railways. Counsel replied that if such combination were requisite to a larger trade, it would be legal.

The Attorney-General's argument rested mainly on the Supreme Court's own precedent of 1897. The Trans-Missouri Railway Association then pleaded that its agreement "for establishing and maintaining reasonable rates" was not intended for restraint of trade. The court ruled, however, that "the necessary

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effect of the agreement was to restrain trade." Mr. Knox observed of this precedent:

> "I cannot think that a combination held together by a rope of sand comes within the prohibition of the law, and that one which is bound by links of steel may defy its wisdom and its power."

The particular device employed in combination, the Attorney-General contended, is a minor question; the real problem concerns the end accomplished. The end accomplished by the merger was, he argued, to destroy competition between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, and this was in restraint of trade under previous decisions of the court. Answering the contention that decision against a securities-holding company would forbid corporations to do what individuals might do unchallenged, the Attorney-General pointed out that an individual may control only through owning more than half the stock; whereas, by using a company holding a bare majority of such shares, the same individuals might own half the stock of the holding company, and thus control the railways controlled by it, through virtual ownership of one-quarter only. Whatever the economic value of the combination movement as a whole, the form displayed in the Northern merger had, Mr. Knox asserted, no economic value whatsoever.

The fact which the annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission brings out most clearly is that there has practically been an elimination of competition among the railroads. There has been a marked and general advance in transportation rates during the last three years, and the advances have usually, if not always, been the result of concerted action by the carriers. The Commission recalls the old theory that the adjustment of freight rates is a delicate matter, which could be dealt with only by people having a most intimate knowledge of conditions, and says that the advances of the last three years have not been made on that theory. They have not originated with the traffic representatives of the various systems, but "rather with the financial heads of those systems." If this means anything, it means that rates have been adjusted primarily in accordance with the needs of Wall Street. The Commission concedes that in some respects the cost of operation has been increased, but claims, on the other hand, that many economies have been introduced, and that the great increase in the amount of traffic has enabled railroads to handle it cheaper in proportion. In short, the report gives the lie to the loudly proclaimed assertions that the greater the unification of the railroads, the lower the scale of transportation charges. The Commission emphatically asserts that "this species of property now possesses the power to tax unjustly every species of property." When it talks about "insidious means" of taxing the many for the benefit of the few, it revives poignant memories of Wall Street in 1900 and 1901.

The complete Bristow report is interesting chiefly as further evidence of the wrongdoing of the dismissed employees, of the men now under indictment, and of Perry S. Heath, who should be rendering daily thanks for the statute of limitations. The large results of Mr. Bristow's investigation were indicated in the abstract recently issued. The full recital of the amazing diligence of Beavers and Machen in taking toll of every contract and payment that passed through their hands entitles them to a place among the great thieves of history. The report is crammed with significant touches. Beavers used to direct seekers for contracts to a clerk, H. Clayton Graff, "as the man to do business with"; and Graff would gravely explain that "none of us are here for our health. The Government is not liberal with salaries, and it costs much to live in Washington." Mr. Bristow simply emphasizes the fact that every day Heath remains secretary of the Republican National Committee means political capital for Democrats and losses for Republicans. Heath's iniquity was known when the Committee met week before last; the Committee, by tolerating him, has deliberately shouldered responsibility for him, and the party will be held accountable at the polls.

The report of Messrs. Conrad and Bonaparte on the so-called Tulloch charges contains more that is new and striking. They sustain Mr. Tulloch in all his main contentions. Of course, they find, as Mr. Bristow did, that Heath was one of the head devils; and, speaking as lawyers, they declare flatly that "suspicion of his personal integrity must be inevitably aroused." But, after the Bristow report, anything more to the discredit of Heath is throwing a perfume on the violet. The notable thing is the plain statement about the former Postmaster-General himself, Charles Emory Smith, who is directly accused of tolerating the practice of fraudulent employments after he had received notice of their existence. Mr. Smith, "notwithstanding repeated warnings," failed "to appreciate the gravity" of the misconduct of his subordinates, and "the consequent necessity for its prompt and adequate punishment." It may be added that Mr. Smith even now fails to appreciate the gravity of the case against him.

As an act of either generosity or justice, the grant of trade advantages to Cuba has been too long delayed to have a really fine moral flavor. A promise of humane treatment and fair dealing which it has taken the giver more than two years to make good is not a subject for him to wax complacent over. The immediate Cuban crisis long since passed. With an extraordinary power of endurance and recuperation, the Cubans pulled through the pinch of their industrial depression. Their own Government has been less extravagant than the temporary American rule. By a lucky upward turn in the world's price of sugar, their leading product afforded them a small margin of profit. Consequently, the reciprocity bill, which Congress finally passed on December 16, could no longer be urged as a measure demanded by an exigent situation. The arguments for it were rather political and economic than humanitarian, and it was a sure instinct which led the Democratic leader in the House to support the measure. He did his best to improve it, to make it broader and fairer; but, failing in that, he rallied his followers with the cry, "This is a break in their Chinese wall. Let us help them to make it, and trust to time and our own right arms to widen it." In the Senate, to be sure, the Democratic vote was largely against the bill. Some Democratic Senators, like Mr. Bailey, had legal and Constitutional objections; most of them, however, put the case bluntly on the ground of special interests which they represent and which they feared might take injury. Nevertheless, the fact remains that protection hated Cuban reciprocity, and tried to stave it off, but has at last had to acquiesce in it.

The new treaty between this country and China, which has just been unanimously ratified by the Senate, is a measure of exceptional importance. It firmly establishes our right to the most-favored-nation treatment, and points to the placing of our commercial affairs in the Empire on a more workable and profitable basis. The provisions that will command most attention are the abolition of the vexatious *likin*, and the opening of the Mantchurian ports of Mukden and Antung to American trade. The Chinese Government agrees to abolish the *likin* and all other transit dues, in return for which the United States consents to a surtax bringing the total import tax up to 12½ per cent., and limiting the export tariff to 7½ per cent. A tax of only 12½ per cent. shows how far China still is from any real conception of civilization. Contrast that beggarly tax with our Dingley schedules. As regards the Mantchurian ports, can China guarantee us equal rights there? Russia is in possession, and while she will probably not court an altercation with this country, she may pursue certain indirect methods of hampering our trade with the new ports. If, for instance, she should make our steamers pay twelve times the tonnage tax at Mantchurian ports that is paid by Rus-

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sian craft, that would very nearly make waste paper of the treaty.

The conclusion of the purchase of the friars' lands in the Philippines will rank as the most signal achievement of Gov. Taft. It has been brought about, not by condemnation or other peremptory proceedings, but by direct negotiation with the owners. The Vatican had given its general sanction to the scheme, but in a case of this sort the details are the pith of the matter, and these had to be slowly and painfully arranged on the spot. How well this work has been done is shown in the purchase price, $7,250,000, which is less than two-thirds the sum originally demanded. The reason for this peaceful dispossession of the friars we have already discussed. Rightly or wrongly, they represented to the people the worst abuses of the Spanish domination; for they were the real rulers. That the transformation should be complete it was necessary that they should go. This view is quite compatible with such a belief in the piety and good intentions of the friars as Chaplain Chidwick expressed on Sunday night. Their unfortunate political activities had made them impossible, and Gov. Taft deserves the heartiest congratulations for arranging for their supersession by friendly purchase.

It is now evident that the secrecy which surrounds the inquiry into Gen. Wood's fitness for promotion relates only to the charges against him. Testimony in his favor may freely be published. Thus, we have had letters from Gen. Bliss and Col. Dudley setting forth what they did say before the Senate Committee, given out by consent of the War Department, and correcting erroneous press reports. Now it is Secretary Root who gives himself leave to print his defence of Gen. Wood at the very moment when the opponents of the medical general are denied publicity of any kind. The Secretary's tribute to his subordinate quotes, of course, from Gen. Wood's record while acting as a lieutenant in Arizona in 1886, and also from the official reports of his brief career as a colonel and brigade commander in the field. Mr. Root also contends that since the work of governing a captured province is frequently the duty of a general, Gen. Wood's services at Havana must be counted as a part of his purely military record. With this, we think, few army officers will agree. Still fewer will assent to the Secretary's assertion that no officer below the rank of major-general has "demonstrated to a higher degree the possession of qualities which fit a man to render valuable services to the country as major-general." It is true that Brig.-Gens. George M. Randall, J. Franklin Bell, Theodore J. Wint, Jesse M. Lee, Francis Moore, and Tasker H. Bliss have not had such spectacular commands as Gen. Wood, but this is because there was only one Cuba on our hands. It is, of course, hard luck that four of these were fighting in the civil war when Wood was a mewling infant, and that all are trained officers of long experience; but then not every one can be medical officer to the White House on the outbreak of war, and so let his light shine where it will do the most good.

The four appointments announced by Mayor-elect McClellan on Monday must dash the hopes of those who thought that in some mysterious way Tammany Hall might be uplifted by its latest figurehead. Crain, Keenan, Lantry, and Hayes, like Delany, whose selection was announced last week, are of the old guard of the Wigwam. It is true that there are worse men in Tammany Hall. Mr. Jerome, for instance, publicly praised Patrick Keenan for keeping away from the grafters and the upholders of red-light conditions; but at the same time he spoke of the present rulers of the Hall as hounds who would leap out of the windows should Croker enter and snap his jaws. Keenan has been an officeholder before, having graduated in true Tammany style from a liquor saloon into the Board of Aldermen from the old Eleventh Ward, but in 1880 he was forced out of the organization. After some years of rebellion and service as county clerk on an anti-Tammany ticket, he returned to the fold in 1890, and has since been a model of loyalty. Crain is an "orator" of considerable ability and education, which he has put to bad uses in defence of Tammany Hall. Since he is to have charge of the important Tenement House Department, we may at least be thankful that he is not a Sheehan or a "Mike" Murphy. This new Commissioner was appointed City Chamberlain by Mayor Grant, after having been the Mayor's private secretary, to succeed no less a person than Richard Croker. Francis J. Lantry, who goes back to the position of Commissioner of Correction, which he filled none too well under Van Wyck, is a typical Tammany officeholder. Nicholas J. Hayes, the new Fire Commissioner, who is now Deputy City Clerk, has risen in the regular Tammany Hall way to a district leadership. There is nothing about him or his past which would seem to mark him as a man suitable for so important a position.

By a noteworthy inversion, Mr. Chamberlain's Imperialism has now resulted in an *imperium in imperio* which threatens the existence of his party. It was plain to all disinterested observers that from the moment of the Birmingham speech he had made—following Dante's example—"a party of himself." The logic of the situation soon forced him to a secession, friendly in form, but practically disastrous to Unionism. Meanwhile, the Tariff Reform League quickly put at his command the usual political machinery, and now, by the appointment of an expert commission on the fiscal question, he virtually sets up as a Government. Since the commission is to frame the legislation which will revolutionize the finances and trade policy of the Empire, it obviously leaves to the real Government—if Mr. Balfour's Ministry still deserves the name—chiefly such parochialisms as the maintenance of the army, fleet, and schools. Of course, Mr. Chamberlain's relay Government lacks certain appurtenances: it cannot, for instance, issue Blue Books, and it will not have to resign even if its bill be defeated in Parliament. But there are other colors than blue, and the evasion of Parliamentary responsibility may be deemed an advantage. What Mr. Balfour's Government will do with the bill that Mr. Chamberlain's Government presents is a problem interesting alike to students of constitutional law and of human nature. Certainly, Mr. Balfour would be excusable if he should cease from placarding his abiding friendship for his former colleague. For it is Mr. Chamberlain and his Ministry who are to have the pleasure of playing ducks and drakes with British finance, while it is apparently Mr. Balfour who is to endure such necessary Parliamentary hardships as the measure may entail. Obviously, it is not Joe who stands to get left in this division of labor.

Premier Combes has no sooner got the alleged disloyal orders suppressed than he introduces a bill requiring all the religious orders—as companies or individuals—to desist within five years from teaching in France. The act applies impartially to primary and secondary education. This means the closing of more than three thousand schools, and naturally the extension of Government school facilities to accommodate the pupils of religious institutions. It should be observed that this wholesale proscription does not technically affect the rights of the secular clergy. But, practically, there are no parish schools in France; school teaching is in the hands of the orders, and the proposed law is definitely an attempt to deny the right of teaching to the Roman Catholic Church. In another aspect the law is an assertion of a State monopoly in education. On the theory lately set forth by the publicist Clémenceau, who asserts that no one can be loyal to both the Pope and the Republic, such action would be highly logical; but in that case the Catholic Church must be regarded as the enemy of France always and everywhere. Such undoubtedly is M. Combes's view. To carry it out consistently, the Concordat should next be abolished, and that, indeed, is to be expected if anti-clericalism continues to be the ruling political force at the Palais Bourbon.

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SENATOR HOAR AND THE PRESIDENT.

Seven weeks ago Senator Hoar was rebuking the *Evening Post* for attacking the President's Panama policy without full information. On Thursday he was rebuked by Senator Foraker for doing the same thing. The *Evening Post*, said the Massachusetts Senator in November, had "gone off half-cock." Yet he himself, going off full-cock in December, takes exactly the same position that that journal held from the first. But these are only amusing trifles. We know how galling it is to Senator Hoar to agree with the *Evening Post*, or to be supported by it, but agreement with him is sometimes inevitable—when he is right; and he has now performed a great public service, far beyond the power of any newspaper. He has, from his position in the Senate, gained the ear of the country with his plea for law and morals.

Objection to the President's course can no longer be put by as the work of chronic snarlers and cantankerous sentimentalists who are Democrats in disguise. Here is the most eminent Republican Senator, who would not abandon his party though it were to slay him—an able lawyer, chairman of the Judiciary Committee—who rises to inform the Senate and the nation that the President's action has been both brutal and illegal. Of course, Mr. Hoar puts the case hypothetically. He virtuously (or slyly) assumes that Mr. Roosevelt could justify his ways to man if he would only tell the whole truth. It is simply on the face of the official dispatches thus far made public that Senator Hoar condemns him. Yet this is plainly nothing but an empty formality—the Mark Antony way of saying "honorable man." How can any Executive explanation do away with the orders actually given our naval commanders before this wonderful revolution? Those orders, declares Senator Hoar, were an act of war against a friendly country. Such they undoubtedly were, tried by any test, legal or moral; and the President's pretence of a solemn obligation to "keep the peace" on the Isthmus, translated as it was into deeds without the semblance of fair play or warrant of law, Mr. Hoar aptly characterizes. Mr. Roosevelt's attitude, asserts this survivor of the Puritans, was that of a "mighty policeman" who "manacled the arms of the attacked, leaving the assailant free, and then instantly proceeded to secure from the assailant the pocketbook of the victim, on the ground that he was the de-facto owner." That will do, coming from the President of the Harvard Alumni, and addressed to Harvard's strenuous son.

Senator Foraker's protest against Mr. Hoar's sensational speech was, in effect, a declaration that the people are not capable of passing judgment on such high matters: He was appalled at the thought of all this being "given to the country." Why could not indiscreet Senator Hoar have cleansed his bosom of all that perilous stuff in secret session? Senators, of course, were fitted to discuss these complex questions of law and morality, but Foraker was aghast at the idea of uninstructed editors and clergymen and professors all over the land debating matters entirely above their feeble comprehension. The mischief, however, is done. Senator Hoar has fired a shot that will be heard round the world. Horrible as it may seem to Senator Foraker and to the Administration, the whole question is up and the whole question is open. Americans are actually wanting to know whether their rulers have had a proper regard for law and right, and whether they have been careless of the country's good name, making us appear to the world in the light of sharpers and filibusters.

Washington dispatches friendly to the President variously represent him as "amazed," "pained," and "indignant" at Senator Hoar's speech. Such a portent is it for a leading Republican to lift up his voice for justice and the law! Mr. Roosevelt is said to be particularly apprehensive about the effect of the speech "abroad." He seems to fear that foreigners will for the first time find out that his Panama alacrity was highly suspicious. As if they had not all the while spoken of it with their tongues in their cheeks! Then there is the familiar old fear lest the expression of a moral sentiment in this country should compel the President to kill somebody in another. Those ignorant and credulous Colombians might take it into their heads that Americans in general care as much about the proprieties and the legalities as Senator Hoar does, and then, of course, by the severe logic of Imperialism, President Roosevelt would have to invade their territory and shoot a lot of them. All this fluttering simply shows how hard the Administration has been hit. Moral reproaches it could smile at, but apparently it is even going to lose its treaty. The danger is, of course, that in this state of alarm and anger the President may seek to escape the consequences of one rash act by essaying another. But we earnestly hope that he will have the good sense to reject desperate counsels to get up a little war, or to build the canal anyway, or to annex Panama, and will see his path of safety and of honor in careful observance of the law and of good faith.

It is high time that Americans should recall to their minds the elementary rules of international propriety. They have been violated, in all this business, with the utmost effrontery. Not the least indecent disregard of what is fit and obligatory has been shown by the mushroom Minister of a mushroom republic, M. Bunau-Varilla. He made a speech in Philadelphia on Thursday, and submitted to a newspaper interview afterwards, in which he most offensively interfered in what is purely a domestic matter. He denounced those who spoke up for justice to Colombia or were against the Panama treaty, and acted in all ways as if his quality of foreigner and diplomat laid no embargo whatever on his utterance. We must tell him that Washington sent Genet out of the country for just such impertinent meddling. This stockholder in the Panama Canal Company, who got himself made Minister and then negotiated a treaty to buy his own property, ought to get a civil but decided intimation from the State Department that we will not allow him to lobby, or loose his too eloquent tongue, in behalf of legislation before Congress. M. Bunau-Varilla might perhaps plead that all rules were being set aside by this stirring Administration, and that no impropriety really mattered. But Senator Hoar's speech is one sign that the period of happy-go-lucky, go-as-you-please conduct in international affairs of the greatest moment is about ended, and that we are going sharply to revert to the old questions, "What does precedent demand? What does the law require?"

THE INJURY TO MR. HAY.

One of the most unfortunate results of our Panama diplomacy is the damage it has done to the reputation of Secretary Hay. His prestige has been a matter of legitimate national pride. Not only by skill and address, but by pursuing policies at once humane and honorable, had he won fame abroad as well as admiration at home. His exemplary patience when the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty was defeated by American Jingoes, headed by Mr. Roosevelt, implied that he had that first of diplomatic virtues, the ability to say, "I can wait." But the rash and lawless course which the Administration, with Mr. Hay's advice or, at least, consent, has adopted in the Isthmian canal affair operates gravely to his injury.

The fundamental vice of our Colombian diplomacy is revealed afresh in the correspondence made public on Saturday. Apparently, neither President Roosevelt nor Secretary Hay thought Colombia entitled to her rights under international law. They never dreamed of treating her as an equal. They addressed demands to her which, if made to us by any other Power, we should have rightly regarded as a deep insult. Read the offensive dispatch which Mr. Hay sent on June 9. It stated that the rejection of the treaty would "seriously compromise the friendly understanding between the two countries," and might lead to action by Congress "which every friend of Colombia would regret." What right had the Secretary to say that? How could it be maintained that the Constitutional action of the Colombian

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Senate in rejecting one of Mr. Hay's treaties was any more unfriendly than the similar action of the United States Senate in rejecting several of them? Clearly, Secretary Hay would never have thought of making so thinly veiled a threat to France. He would not have endured it for an instant coming from England. Lord Lansdowne might, with as good warrant, have insisted that our Senate confirm the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. That was sought by us as directly as the canal treaty was by Colombia. Mr. Hay makes much of the fact that "negotiations were instituted by Colombia." The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was instituted by us. Indeed, it was publicly stated that Mr. Hay was allowed to write it just as he pleased. Yet the British Foreign Office never thought of reproaching or threatening our Government on that account. We demand the treatment of an equal, but do not accord it to Colombia, though by law and treaty it should be hers.

We can easily conceive that the case was badly botched by Minister Beaupré. He appears to have passed on Secretary Hay's instructions in the baldest form; and telegraphed that they made a "sensation" in the Colombian Senate, where they were "construed as a threat of direct retaliation." Probably Mr. Hay did not intend the thing to be done thus crudely; but his own original position is untenable. If the rejection of a treaty by the duly constituted authorities is an unfriendly act, the United States would be the chief of sinners. Look at the Hay-Bond treaty respecting Newfoundland. Senator Lodge not only has it contumeliously set aside in one Senate and pigeon-holed in the next; he puts his son-in-law, Representative Gardner, to railing at it in the House and to accusing its negotiator—Secretary Hay himself—of having been cheated into accepting a "gold-brick" treaty. But can Newfoundland allege that the insult is directed at her, and not merely at Mr. Hay?

The latest correspondence only makes the Panama case appear worse. It shows that the Administration was prepared to ignore Colombian sentiment and to trample upon Colombian rights. And as for what this Government actually did in connection with the Panama revolution, the dispatches now published are either irrelevant or further inculpatory. To show that we were long aware of trouble brewing, is a queer way of excusing us for acting with gross impropriety when it came. It does not leave us even the pretext of having been taken by surprise. Nothing that has yet seen the light can explain or defend the orders to our naval commanders, two days before the revolution, to prevent Colombia from suppressing it. That, as Senator Hoar maintained from his place in the Senate, was nothing less than an act of war, authority for which the President possesses neither in sound policy nor in the Constitution and laws which he is sworn to uphold. Besides being a diplomatic blunder, it was an open usurpation of power.

All this, we say, came with a shock to the best friends of Secretary Hay, and must prove a detriment to his fair fame. Nowhere has his sagacious and humane statesmanship been held in higher esteem than in England. But what are Englishmen saying now of the policy in which he has made himself *particeps?* The influential organs of English opinion express that verdict of posterity which is proverbially to be sought in the judgment of friendly and intelligent foreigners. The *Speaker*, the Liberal weekly, says that the Administration was guilty of "an act of brigandage" in Panama, and adds that "the United States has shaken the confidence of the civilized world in her honesty." It is the opinion of the *Scotsman* that Colombia has been "at the same time plundered and mocked." Says the Glasgow *Herald*, "Expediency has been stronger than morality." In the Manchester *Guardian* we read: "The United States Government, coveting the canal territory and unable to control it by treaty, has torn it off from Colombia by force." Our Panama diplomacy is called by the *Daily Graphic* "a very disagreeable page of American history." The *Globe* speaks of the "underground manœuvring of President Roosevelt and Mr. Hay." Our course at Panama was, says the *Daily News*, in "complete disregard for the opinion of the civilized world." We could make many more citations to the same effect from representative and powerful English newspapers. Enough has been adduced, however, to show that the Colombian diplomacy for which Secretary Hay has made himself responsible incurs the condemnation of our well-wishers abroad. The result is, unhappily, not only a diminution of his own repute, but a tarnishing of his country's good name.

A SOCIAL PROBLEM IN BALTIMORE.

It is in the nature of race prejudice to give rise to incidents that intensify and sometimes appear to justify it. An illustration of this is to be found in some recent incidents in Baltimore. In some sections of that city the white residents and property holders are much irritated at the gradual spread of the negro population into sections in which, a few years ago, none of them resided. In 1880 there were 53,716 negroes in Baltimore City. Twenty years later there were 79,258—an increase of 25,542, or at the rate of something more than 47 per cent. It is true that in the same time the white population increased 150,634, or at the rate of 54 per cent., so that the proportion of negroes to the total population of the city is now somewhat less than it was twenty years ago. Nevertheless, there has been an absolute increase of upwards of 25,000 in the negro population. This means that perhaps 3,500 more dwellings in Baltimore are now occupied by the negroes than was the case in 1880.

In Baltimore, negroes are seldom the first occupants of new houses. The small houses of the kind which they would be most likely to buy or rent are usually put up in long rows or blocks. It rarely happens that enough negroes can be found able and willing to buy or rent all the houses of one of these rows. The builder would not dare to sell some of them to or for negroes unless he were sure that he would be able to sell all for the same purpose, because he could escape having the remaining houses left on his hands only by selling them far below the cost of erection. In large part the increased housing needed by the largely augmented negro population of the city has been supplied by turning over to them residences once occupied by whites. This process has entailed on many white people large pecuniary loss. It has annoyed and irritated a still greater number of persons who, perhaps, did not lose any money by it.

For thirty years now the real-estate market in Baltimore, and especially that portion of it which concerns itself with moderate-sized houses, has been in an unsatisfactory state. No matter with what judgment one might buy such property, if he held it for a few years he was almost certain to lose money. It follows that it has been exceedingly difficult, when one was forced to sell such property, to part with it except at a very heavy loss. The increase in the standard of comfort among a portion, at least, of the negro population resulting from the increased education and culture of some of them, has made them wish for their children and themselves better surroundings, physical and moral, than can usually be found in the typical negro quarter. These persons are on the lookout for residences which they can afford, and which will, if not give them the surroundings they would like, at least free them in part from some very objectionable associations. In a neighborhood in which values are declining, as in most parts of Baltimore they are, it is easy for such persons to obtain by purchase or rent from the necessity or cupidity of a property owner who finds his property tenantless on his hands, the kind of house they want; because, wanting it, they will frequently pay more than a reliable white tenant will. The very moment the new occupant moves in, there is a commotion in the neighborhood. His coming means at once a large money loss to all the other property owners in the immediate vicinity. He and his family may be quite well-behaved people who give their neighbors no trouble of any kind; perhaps

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the first negroes to come into a white community are usually of this class. Nevertheless, many of the white neighbors feel themselves insulted and more or less outraged by his advent. If they are tenants, they at once begin preparations for moving, and they do move at the first reasonable opportunity. If they own the property, they try to sell it. As an inevitable consequence, the value of houses rapidly declines. As the whites move out, more and more negroes come in, because no one else who will pay any reasonable rent will take a house in a block in which there are negro residents. Every white man who moves, and every white man whose property has become less valuable, ascribes all his inconvenience and all his loss to the negroes, although it often happens that they have been only partly responsible; the decline in value having made large progress before any negroes appeared in the neighborhood. Such an experience is likely to create prejudice where little of it existed, and to fan to a higher heat that which had been previously entertained. Men are never disposed to view kindly or judge justly the acts of others which they believe to have caused them to lose money.

Thirty years ago, outside of a few alleys, there were scarcely any negroes in the section of Baltimore city bounded on the south by Biddle Street, on the west by Argyle Avenue, on the east by Druid Hill Avenue, and on the north by North Avenue. This region extends about a quarter of a mile from east to west and a mile north and south. Now the negro population is very possibly in the majority in the entire district. It is still gaining upon the whites very rapidly. There can be but little question that this spread of the negro population into what had been previously white neighborhoods has had an appreciable political as well as social effect. The pity of it all is that, starting with the existence of a dislike among a considerable proportion of the whites to living in a neighborhood in which any negroes dwell, all the other consequences follow automatically, so to speak; and follow without anybody, black or white, being to blame for them.

All sorts of difficult and irritating problems are created by these changes in the character of the population. For example: some twenty-five years ago a public-school building was erected for white children in what was then practically an exclusively white neighborhood. It was one of the best school buildings that up to that time had been erected in Baltimore, perhaps because the class of white children then attending it were used in their homes to a higher degree of comfort than was the case in most other sections of the city. In the last ten years the negroes have gradually moved into the vicinity of this school, and now very nearly surround it. The attendance at the school, which used to be large, has fallen off greatly and steadily. As a consequence, it can now accommodate many more pupils than desire to attend it. On the other hand, there is a shortage in the accommodations for colored children in the neighborhood. The School Board last spring accordingly announced that it would close the school as a white school and open it in the fall for colored children. This seemed to be a common-sense decision, and lo be all the more wise because part of the falling off in the enrolment and attendance of white pupils was unquestionably due to the dislike of parents to send their children to a school around which the negro population was so numerous. The moment the decision of the School Board was announced, however, there was a bitter protest. The negro population had, as already stated, almost surrounded the school building; they had not quite done so. Some of the white property owners still occupied their houses. Some white churches and institutions still remained in the vicinity. They have been struggling against what may be called the inroads of the black sea for years, and that their struggles thus far have been unsuccessful only made it to them the harder that the School Board should take sides with the invaders. So much feeling was aroused on the question that the School Board reconsidered its action and announced that the white school would be continued. It gave notice, however, that the proposed action had been only postponed unless experience should demonstrate that there were enough white children to attend the school to make it worth while to continue it. Confident assertions were made by the white neighbors that there would be no trouble on this score, circulars were distributed in the vicinity urging white parents to send their children to this school. Nevertheless, the attendance this year is smaller than it was last.

A NEW INTRUSION OF PEDANTRY.

It needs a strong hand now and then to smite those Philistines of the schools whom we call pedants, and such a hand Mr. Trevelyan, the eminent biographer and historian, has raised in defence of the finer aspects of his art. In an inaugural address, delivered just a year ago at Cambridge University, Professor Bury asserted roundly that history is a science, not an art, and that the imagination and the emotions have no concern in its writing. If he relented at all in this austere rejection of the graces, it was only in favor of "generations very remote":

> "The gathering of materials, he declares, bearing upon minute local events, the collation of MSS. and the registry of their small variations, the patient drudgery in archives of states and municipalities, all the microscopic research that is carried on by armies of toiling students—it may seem like the bearing of mortar and bricks to the site of a building which has hardily been begun, of whose plan the laborers know but little. This work, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, has to be done in faith—in the faith that a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history will tell in the end. The labor is performed for posterity."

Against this promulgation of the new school, Mr. Trevelyan has protested vigorously in the *Independent Review*, showing with admirable persuasiveness that the labor of sifting evidence and establishing facts is only the beginning of the student's task, and that no generation can safely forego the real objects of history—which are, as he thinks, to teach political wisdom, to restore our heritage in the ideals of the past and the lives of the noble dead, and to awaken a feeling for the poetry of time.

We could wish that some champion of the finer scholarship, as Mr. Trevelyan sees it, might arise in this country and smite hip and thigh the pedants who are fast bringing the study of history into the same disrepute among men of the world as that into which the classical languages have long since fallen at the hands of our learned philologians. The root of the disease lies in a misapprehension of the term science—in a sort of hypnotic spell which this word has cast over the minds of all who practise in the profession of knowledge and wisdom. To suppose there can be a science of history in any sense corresponding to the science of material phenomena, is merely to bow down before the many-tongued idols of the marketplace. Truth is the aim of the historian, as it is of the scientist—as it is of the poet even; but it has not yet appeared that the only road to historic truth is by the "town-pump" method of instruction, as the cynical have denominated the pedantry of our schools. Unless history recreates the life of a past age, with all the passions and aspirations of that bygone world at play, it is not easy to perceive what profit arises from its pursuit. Accurate sifting of documents and weighing of evidence is necessary, but to stop there, as Professor Bury demands and as too many of our college men do in practice, is to harrow the soil without planting the seed; more than that, it is to waive the one instrument at our service for controlling the traditions and documents that descend to us. Human passion was the source and formal cause of that life, and only by passion can its meaning be brought back to us of the present. "Men act from passion," Hazlitt wrote, "and we can only judge of passion from sympathy. Persons of the dry and husky class above spoken of often seem to think even nature itself an interloper on their flimsy theories." And again: "Passion, in short, is the essence, the chief ingredient in moral truth, and the warmth of passion is sure to kindle the light of imagination on the objects around it."

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There may seem something startling in this setting up of passion as the discoverer of historic truth; and yet, if the matter be examined into, it will be found that the historian whose works endure and whose portrayal of a certain period has gained the common approval of readers, has almost invariably written, not coldly and pedantically, but with strong forejudgment. His absorbing feeling kindles the imagination; by it he is able to comprehend the other human impulses at work as no cold registrar of documents can conceive them; and in reading his works it is perfectly easy to bear in mind that "personal equation" which is easily discounted since it is unconcealed. In this way, Carlyle discovered and gave to the world the character of Cromwell —by passion. In this way, to name no other instance, Tacitus presented a picture of the Roman Empire, whose fundamental truth no mere maker of themes can shake, and whose exaggerations the reader can readily account for; he has made the age forever alive and forever a lesson to the world.

Now, it is needless to say that passion in the writer of history does not mean any deliberate coloring of the truth, and it is equally needless to say that passion has no place at all in the pursuit of science. The error of Professor Bury and of the growing school he represents is the same error that vitiates so much that comes from pulpit and desk—the failure to perceive distinctions. True science has her own glory, from which no caviller may detract. This science falsely so called is no better than a parody and a stale imitation. Even if historic truth were to be found within the limitations set by Professor Bury, where were the profit? It still holds good of such pedantry—

> "That truth itself is in her head as dull
> And useless as a candle in a skull."

The peril of allowing restrictions of this sort to creep into any field of university work is too serious to be ignored by those who have the really higher education at heart.

THE HEARING IN THE NORTHERN SECURITIES CASE.

WASHINGTON, December 19, 1903.

It has been current talk among lawyers and public men in Washington for the past few days that no case has come before the Supreme Court of the United States since the Dred Scott decision fraught with graver consequences than that of the appeal of the Northern Securities Company against the United States, which was argued on Monday and Tuesday last. The present generation has not witnessed a deeper interest evinced at a hearing before this tribunal. True, there was intense concern manifested at the argument of the Income Tax cases. The bar upon that occasion was crowded, and every available seat and standing-place outside of the bar was occupied, when Mr. Choate delivered his great argument, and Attorney-General Olney, with consummate ability, presented the views of the Government. Most of the audience then in attendance were well-to-do people, to whom the prospect of a tax upon income rendered the hearing of critical import to the individual pocket. But the Income Tax question, though coming home to a considerable fraction of the people, did not begin to embody so large a principle as that now at stake in the Northern Securities case. It was a burning political question, to be sure; but it lay within limits comparatively narrow. The issues involved in this week's legal battle go to the very foundation of our business prosperity, and reach the home of every workingman no less than that of every investor of capital.

The case had been set for Monday, December 14. All the Justices were in their seats, with the exception of Mr. Justice Brown, unfortunately kept at home by an affection of the eyes. Although thus disabled from listening to the argument, it was agreed by the parties that he should sit in the case. The briefs of counsel and the oral arguments in printed form will be submitted to him. By noon, when the justices came in, the courtroom was crowded to its utmost capacity. Several Senators were present, among them Nelson of Minnesota, Burrows of Michigan, and Fairbanks of Indiana; and a few Representatives, conspicuous among whom was Littlefield of Maine. Judge Morrow, of the United States Circuit Court for the California District, sat within the bar.

At the north table in front sat Attorney-General Knox, clean-cut, smooth-faced, and looking as though he felt the responsibility of the position and was ready to do his full duty. The Solicitor-General was present during the entire hearing, but took no part. Next to the Attorney-General sat William A. Day, an Assistant-Attorney-General appointed specially to prepare the Trust cases. Day was formerly an Auditor of the Treasury under Cleveland, and lately has practised almost exclusively before the Interstate Commission. Mr. Russell, another Assistant from the Department of Justice, was on hand. That brilliant young attorney, James M. Beck, who, while Assistant-Attorney-General, argued the cause before the Circuit Court of St. Louis, was in attendance. To-day, in a Wall Street law firm, he sees something of business operations from the capitalist's point of view.

The counsel for the Northern Securities Company were grouped at the other table. Mr. John Johnson of Philadelphia, justly esteemed the leader of the bar, is a tall, finely built, powerful man, with a strong yet kindly face. Next to him sat George B. Young of St. Paul. Years ago for a brief period he was a judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota; to-day he is known throughout the Northwest as a student and lawyer of the highest rank. He has an intellectual cast of countenance. Next to him sat C. W. Bunn, also of St. Paul, an able and experienced railway lawyer. Mr. M. D. Grover, counsel for the Great Northern, and John W. Griggs, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, were also in line. Francis L. Stetson of New York, George R. Peck of Chicago, and William P. Clough were seated near the counsel for the companies. These gentlemen, together with one or two others well known in the profession, presented a firm front of experienced and able corporation counsel. In truth, Mr. John Johnson might well have been considered a host in himself. His generous stature, as contrasted with the trim, dapper figure of the Attorney-General, must have suggested to the mind of more than one spectator that the gamy champion of the Government was going forth like David to battle.

The "plain people" had well discerned the meaning of the contest, for they had poured into the courtroom and stood there in a solid mass behind the bar. A fair number of ladies were also to be seen. Mrs. Roosevelt, with Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Justice Holmes, Mrs. Senator Lodge, and others well known in Washington society, paid undivided attention to what was going on. A large proportion of the members of the bar, it was evident, had come from points beyond Washington. The Chief Justice announced that double the usual time would be allowed to each side. That meant four hours for either party.

Mr. Johnson proceeded to open the case in a plain, business-like manner. He had not spoken five minutes before everybody who heard him was convinced that here was no ordinary man. Void of affectation, and to all appearance unconscious of self, Mr. Johnson talked to the Justices in a tone not exactly conversational, and yet only a little above it. It was the conveying of information through a perfectly easy, untroubled channel. His wonderful ability consists in the perfection of his power of statement. In this respect older members of the bar say that he proves himself the equal of the late Benjamin R. Curtis. Judge Curtis was cold, he used no gestures, but held the attention of the court by his remarkable clearness and conciseness. On the other hand, Mr. Johnson adds to these qualities a gentle warmth and a vein of humor which render it a delight to listen to him.

The usual mode of opening a case is for the counsel to state the facts in orderly sequence. Mr. Johnson dared to abandon this method. He laid down six propositions of law, and, taking each up in turn, stated the facts relating to it, and the application of the principle thereto, before going to his next point. In general, the appellants through him contended that the formation of the Northern Securities Company was a defensive measure, for the purpose of guarding the stock of the two railway companies against the repetition of such a raid as had been made by the Harriman interest of the Union Pacific; that Mr. Hill looked to the building up of traffic with China and Japan, and that the real competition was not between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, but between these two roads, on one hand, and the Canadian Pacific and the Pacific roads to the south on the other; further, that a larger competition existed and was to be fostered with England and Germany and other European nations in securing the vast trade of the Orient. These and other points were vigorously set forth and well illustrated. The speaker received the closest attention from the Court. While reading the figures from the reports of the railroad companies in order to assure the Court that there had been no restraint, but really a great enlargement, of commerce, Mr. Johnson used the word "thousands." Mr. Justice Harlan

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interrupted, and pointed out that the figures in the report said so many "millions." "Yes, your Honor," replied Mr. Johnson, "you see I am not given to exaggeration."

Mr. Bunn followed Mr. Johnson, confining himself to a single point, namely, the constitutionality of the anti-Trust statute if it is to be regarded as authorizing an interference with the transfer of stock in State corporations; or, in other words, the non-applicability of the Sherman Act to the absolute sale of the stock of these two roads, which was accomplished in the formation of the Northern Securities Company. Mr. Bunn delivered his argument in a lawyer-like manner. He has a good voice, and his sentences are directly to the point, while his style is logical almost to severity, earnest, and convincing.

Late in the afternon of Monday, the Attorney-General arose to reply. There was a little flutter in the courtroom at this point. The Attorney-General, turning to his opponents, said that they had taken upon themselves to be considered as speaking for criminals, in the supposed view of the Government. This was a misrepresentation. He regarded their clients not as criminals, but simply as defendants in a court of equity. With this premise, the Attorney-General proceeded to open his case. He recited somewhat of the history of the origin of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of the land grant with which Congress had helped to build it. When asked by Mr. Justice White if he rested his case upon the ground that the Northern Pacific Railway was a land-grant railroad, Mr. Knox said that he did not. "Then," said the Justice, "your remarks in this respect are irrelevant." The Attorney-General said he had introduced them for the purpose of meeting certain outside criticism of this prosecution.

This was the first appearance of the Attorney-General to argue a case before the Supreme Court of the United States. Naturally some degree of curiosity existed on the part of the bar to learn with what degree of ability "the first lawyer in the land" would acquit himself. It was a matter of surprise to see that, instead of speaking *ex tempore*, he read his argument from printed sheets. He has a good delivery, a voice of fair compass and of penetration, and altogether a manner denoting a thorough conviction of the correctness of the points he is making. Still, in a legal argument something is sure to be lost in reading from a paper instead of addressing the Bench orally. It may be remarked in passing that the text of one at least of Mr. Olney's arguments before the Court when Attorney-General (perhaps the able presentation of the Government's side of the Income Tax cases) had been committed to memory by Mr. Olney, and recited, but so cleverly that no one would have suspected it.

One naturally contrasted his deliverance with that of his distinguished opponent, Mr. Johnson. It was Pittsburgh set against Philadelphia. Johnson took a broad, comprehensive view of the whole subject. He sketched the project of raising a bankrupt corporation into life, and creating a great traffic, through the genius of a single mind grappling with a formidable railway problem. He pointed out the vast sweep of the principle at the base of the contention in this cause. Though apt at detail, and losing the thread of no authority that was needful to a full conception of the points involved, the great Philadelphia advocate lifted the case, as it were, into a higher region of thought and debate. The Attorney-General, on the other hand, seemed to plant his feet upon the solid ground of the duty of Mr. Hill and of Mr. Morgan, like that of everybody else, to obey the law. He indulged in no sentiment. He alluded to the Orient as "dreamland." He hammered away at the point that by combination these two roads had, contrary to the law, destroyed competition and therefore restrained commerce; that the object of consolidating the roads was to restrain commerce and to kill competition; that the Northern Securities Company controlled every act of two gigantic systems of railroads, and that it was violating the law in so doing.

Mr. Johnson was cheery, good-humored, and optimistic. Mr. Knox was sober, and inclined to admonish and deplore, and appeared to make a good deal of impression upon the Court. His carefully prepared address was incisive, assertive, and emphatic. If it could hardly be called a great argument, it lacked nothing save that indescribable quality which only a consummate advocate imparts to his utterances in the heat of forensic contest.

The Attorney-General concluded his argument about two o'clock on Tuesday. Judge Young arose to reply. He speaks with facility and uses choice language, but his voice does not carry well, and it is not unlikely that many persons at the back of the room (partly because of its wretched acoustic properties) could with difficulty hear what he said. The Court paid undivided attention. In a few apt words he disclaimed for his clients any intention to violate the law, any desire to evade their proper duty, or any wish for the Court to depart in the least from the construction already placed upon the Sherman Act. His argument went down deep into the very sources of the law. Judge Young is a thinker and a close reasoner. At the same time he shows himself to be in touch with business and practical affairs. He was concise and clear, and his effort was equal to the great responsibility laid upon him in closing the arguments. His illustrations were frequent and felicitous, particularly one referring to the driving out of business of the old-fashioned stage-lines, when he spoke of the far-seeing men—the Hills and Morgans of those days—who saw the possibilities of the railway.

When Judge Young made his bow to the Justices and sat down, it was felt that this great case had been presented to the Court with all that scrutiny and force of argument on each side which it demanded. The bar of the Supreme Court of the United States had maintained its reputation.

MASSON'S KING OF ROME.

PARIS, December 2, 1903.

M. Frédéric Masson goes on realizing year after year his ambitious scheme of historical studies on the Napoleonic period, and all lovers of history must hope he will carry it to its end. It will be his monument, but a perennial quality he himself allows only to bronze and to medals. Speaking of the medals struck during the Empire, he says:

"This incomparable series will insure the glory of Napoleon when all books have disappeared, when all monuments have fallen into dust. . . . People will decipher the names of these capitals for the first time united under the same sceptre; they will spell the names of these towns which, like luminous points, illuminate the map of Europe on which Napoleon spread his empire; and before these credible witnesses, with their faces of gold, of silver, or of bronze, the antiquarian will confess that it was not all a fable, and that the nineteenth century also had its Alexander."

M. Masson from time to time interrupts his chronological study of events and gives us a biography, generally with beautiful portraits and engravings. He has done so for Josephine; he does it now for Napoleon's son, the King of Rome, called Napoleon II. by the devotees of the Napoleonic religion. Towards the end of the Second Empire, Henri Rochefort published pamphlets, under the name of *La Lanterne*, which were very bitter satires on the Government of the time, and had an immense success. I remember that in one of them Rochefort said that he, too, was a Bonapartist, but that he had a right to a preference and to choose among those who bore the name of Napoleon. "Of all these," said he, "I prefer Napoleon II., and my reason is that he never reigned."

When Prince Louis Napoleon made his *coup d'état* and assumed, some time afterwards, the name of Napoleon III., he showed his evident desire to perpetuate a dynasty (for a similar reason the unfortunate Dauphin, who died in the Temple, was called Louis XVII.). The first Napoleon had the same thought when he divorced Josephine and married an Austrian archduchess. History does not admit hypotheses; it has a right to judge facts. Was Napoleon well inspired when he divorced Josephine and married Maria Louisa? Would it not have been better for him and for France if, instead of courting the alliance of an old empire and entering into what is still called the family of sovereigns, he had boldly adopted the Roman method of adoption? This was his first inspiration; he long thought of adopting Eugene Beauharnais, and choosing him as his successor. Prince Eugene was far from being a man of genius, but he had common sense, he was loyal to his benefactor, he had won the esteem of the sovereigns of Europe; the hostility of all the members of the Bonaparte family to the members of Josephine's family was a difficulty which Napoleon could always overcome. Napoleon had also fixed his eyes on Napoleon-Charles, eldest son of Louis, King of Holland, and of Hortense. This young Prince had the advantage of uniting the two families; but he died very young, at The Hague, in the spring of 1807.

Napoleon's marriage with a daughter of the Hapsburgs was, in M. Masson's opinion, more than a political mistake. Studying from a physiological point of view the ascendants of Maria Louisa, he pronounces her to have been a "degenerate"—the word now used to express the sad results of atavism, when the ancestors have a blood impoverished by disease. Maria Louisa justified, in a sense, this severe epithet; but at the time of Napoleon's marriage the theory of heredity was not much discussed. She had every appearance of robust health,

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and all Napoleon really cared for was to have an heir. His hope was not disappointed, and Napoleon gave to his son the title of King of Rome. The child had a splendid establishment, and M. Masson indulges, as usual, in full details regarding it. Information was sought on all sides concerning the customs and etiquette of the court of the Bourbons when a royal prince was born. The budget of the King of Rome was fixed at about a million francs.

The post of governess of the young child was much envied; Napoleon had, even five months before its birth, assigned it to a person belonging to the old French aristocracy. He was very anxious to make a sort of fusion between the nobility of the old régime and the nobility which he had himself created. The governess of his choice was the Countess of Montesquiou, born Le Tellier de Louvois; her husband was high chamberlain and president of the legislative body. She was the granddaughter of the Marquis de Montesquiou, who played an important part in the Constituent Assembly in 1789, became a general in the armies of the Revolution, and in 1792 occupied the province of Savoy, which was added to the territory of the Republic. All the Montesquious had not followed the cause of the Republic; one of them, the Abbé de Montesquiou, was the special correspondent of the future Louis XVIII. (We have reason to think that this correspondence, which must have been of great interest, has been completely destroyed.) Madame de Montesquiou was a witness of the birth of the King of Rome. The confinement was extremely painful. Maria Louisa was in great alarm, and it is said that the child was for a moment abandoned on a carpet. Madame de Montesquiou had presence of mind enough to take care of the infant, who made no cry for seven minutes. Shortly after, the door was opened to all the high dignitaries who had been summoned for the occasion; the child was presented as "the King of Rome," and the two great chancellors passed round his neck the cordons of the Legion of Honor and of the Iron Crown. The baptism took place with great solemnity, in the month of June, at the Church of Notre Dame.

The child for three years was seen often in the Tuileries, the Champs-Élysées, and on the road to Saint-Cloud, with a great escort on horseback, as so many years afterwards was seen, also with an escort, the young son of Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, as he was called, who met with such an untimely and unfortunate death in the land of the Zulus. The King of Rome was always accompanied by Madame de Montesquiou; he became greatly attached to her, and called her "Maman Quiou." The Empress could see her son only in the presence of Madame de Montesquiou; her lady-in-waiting was the Maréchale Lannes, Duchess of Montebello, who was very unfriendly to Madame de Montesquiou, as belonging to the old nobility, while Madame de Montebello had a bitter hatred of all who had not the sort of nobility, of recent date, which she had herself. Under Madame de Montesquiou there were two other governesses, Madame de Mesgrigny (sister of the Count de Rambuteau, who afterwards became prefect of the Seine), a very handsome person, whom the Emperor had courted a moment, but who resisted his advances; and Madame de Boubers, who had been for a while attached to the children of Queen Hortense.

Napoleon had not much time to bestow on his child. Tolstoy gives in 'War and Peace' an impressive scene, when Napoleon, during his march through Russia on his way to Moscow, received a portrait of the King of Rome and showed it to his generals and his soldiers. When the tide of evil fortune arrived, and France was invaded in 1814, Napoleon on leaving Paris confided his wife and child to the National Guard. On the 29th of March, Maria Louisa fled from Paris. It is said that the child made great resistance, protesting, "Let us stay here, I don't want to leave this house. Since papa is not here, I am the master." He was taken first to Orléans, where he stayed a little while, playing with the younger pages in the court of the bishopric, where his mother resided. The pages soon returned to their families; the child remained alone with Mme. de Montesquiou and his mother. After the abdication at Fontainebleau, the King of Rome became a sort of hostage. Mme. de Montesquiou urged Maria Louisa to join the Emperor at Elba; but her efforts were vain. The Empress of the French had very willingly become again a mere archduchess. Mme. de Montesquiou followed the King of Rome to Vienna, and remained a year longer with him. We must cite a letter which she wrote from the Austrian capital to her husband, who urged her to return to Paris:

"If this child had a mother, I should willingly leave him in her hands and keep quiet; but this is far from being the case. She is more indifferent to his fate than the latest foreign servant in her employ. Besides, those who have followed me here would follow me again, if I wanted to leave, having no means of remaining here. As long as I am here, they have somebody to console them; if I were gone, they would not know what to do, and the poor child would suffer in consequence. . . . We are here, a small group, who often weep round this cradle, not for all the advantages the child has lost—for, in my opinion, he will be happier than he would have been—but because he lacks what is for others the prime good."

That is to say, a mother. This letter which has only now come to light, is the severest indictment ever made, not only against Maria Louisa, but against those under whose direction and by whose orders she was acting. The last French people who still remained with the child were soon removed. The departure of Madame de Montesquiou was a scene of violent despair. The child was four years old when all the ties with France were severed, and it is no wonder if the systematic education he received and which tended to make of him a thorough Austrian, was successful in the end. Was it absolutely successful? As to this there are two versions: one is that adopted in "L'Aiglon," which gives us the vision of a sentimental, ambitious, and Napoleonic child, full of dreams and anxieties; the other represents to us a young man indifferent to France—a weak creature in whom the Hapsburg blood left no place for that of Napoleon.

Correspondence.

THE OTHER SIDE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having been interested in the culture of cotton for fifty years, and following its fortunes, selling it as high as one dollar per pound after the close of the war in 1865, and as low as three and a half cents per pound in 1892, I may be permitted to express my views in regard to the cotton trade.

It has been the habit of spinners and bear speculators to send men travelling through the cotton belt to publish magnified reports as to the probable size of the cotton crop, in order to depress prices. This has been going on for years, and these exaggerated reports have each year cost the poor cotton planters millions of dollars. But last year the reports were so misleading that the spinners bought from hand to mouth only, and a speculator who was informed of the shortness of the crop bought up the cotton which the spinners did not choose to purchase, at a low price, in order to force the price still lower; and the speculator in the meantime accumulated so much of the crop that he controlled the market and sent the price up to 13½ cents per pound for middling cotton. This transaction opened the eyes of us poor cotton planters; and as we ascertained that this year's crop was short of last year's crop, we thought we might for once derive a benefit from the exaggerated reports as to the size of the crop, and we are this year for the first time in many years getting the benefit of the late rise in price.

Although the crop is short there is still some cotton in the fields, owing to the fact that the laborers are demoralized on account of Mr. Booker Washington's dinner at the White House. We do not look for any further demoralization of labor since the Senate failed to confirm Mr. Crum.

M.

Mississippi, December 8, 1903.

[In the matter of crop estimates, the Southern planter is between the devil and the deep sea. There is no reason to suppose that the motives and methods of the spinners and bear manipulators have been more disingenuous than those of the people who are now talking higher prices for cotton. The agents of the spinners estimated the present crop at upwards of 11,000,000 bales, and the bull leader of the market at 9,986,000 bales. To be sure, the latter has the Government statisticians on his side; but the actual yield always considerably exceeds the Government's figures, and the *Financial Chronicle*—a high authority on cotton—has just estimated that the present crop will be larger than that of last year, which amounted to 10,758,326 bales. It would perhaps be well for the Southern growers to bear in mind that there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip. Not a few of them are disposed to hold their cotton for a heavy rise from the present abnormal quotations; but what if, after all, the yield should be nearer 11,000,000 than 10,000,000 bales?

As regards the labor question, what is the state of society in which an act of common civility—not to call it an example either of democracy or of Christian charity—by the first gentleman in

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the land should have an adverse influence in remote cotton-fields? The North never would have made a topic of Mr. Roosevelt's decent behavior to Mr. Washington—neither condescending nor levelling up; and if the analphabetic cotton hands in Mississippi heard of it at all, it must have been in consequence of the pother over it in the Southern press and conversation. This is the familiar way in which the ante-bellum South circulated abolition papers and tracts never intended to be sent south of Mason and Dixon's line, or addressed to any but white and Northern intelligences.—Ed. Nation.]

CARLYLE'S DANTE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Doubtless many readers of the lecture on Dante in Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero-Worship' have been vaguely troubled by a discrepancy between the description of "that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto" and the portrait itself. But perhaps not all have been at pains to inquire what the discrepancy is and how it arose. The passage runs as follows:

"After all commentaries, the Book itself is mainly what we know of him. The Book;—and one might add that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto, which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it. To me it is a most touching face; perhaps of all faces that I know, the most so. Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel wound round it; the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless;—significant of the whole history of Dante! I think it is the mournfullest face that ever was painted from reality; an altogether tragic, heart-affecting face. There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud, hopeless pain. A soft, ethereal soul looking out so stern, implacable, grim-trenchant, as from imprisonment of thick-ribbed ice! Withal it is a silent pain, too, a silent scornful one: the lip is curled in a kind of godlike disdain of the thing that is eating out his heart,—as if it were withal a mean insignificant thing, as if he whom it had power to torture and strangle were greater than it. The face of one wholly in protest, and life-long unsurrendering battle, against the world. Affection all converted into indignation: an implacable indignation; slow, equable, silent, like that of a god! The eye, too, it looks-out as in a kind of *surprise*, a kind of inquiry. Why the world was of such a sort? This is Dante: so he looks, this 'voice of ten silent centuries,' and sings us 'his mystic unfathomable song.'"

It may be seen at a glance that the object of Carlyle's "devouring eyes" when he wrote this description, could not have been the so-called Giotto portrait on the wall of the Bargello. For one thing, in that portrait the laurel wreath is lacking. For another, Giotto's Dante (if it be Giotto's and not, as is commonly believed, Taddeo Gaddi's) is no such battle-scarred veteran as is implied in the phrase "life-long, unsurrendering battle against the world," and in the adjectives grim-trenchant, disdainful, and implacable. He is a mere youth. His face is serious, no doubt, even pathetic, but it is not stern or scornful; it is the face of one who, whatever he may come to be later, is as yet meek, passionless, and unprotesting.

But in an attempt to reconcile the description with the portrait these are not the only difficulties. As was pointed out in 1882 by two contributors to *Notes and Queries* (Sixth Series, vi., pp. 167, 297), when the lecture on Dante was delivered the Giotto portrait was virtually non-existent, having been covered over with whitewash for some two hundred years. Indeed, until it was uncovered on the wall of the Bargello by Kirkup, Wilde, and Bezzi, July 21, 1840, its very location was unknown. Now Carlyle's lecture was delivered May 12 of the same year. It was written out from reporter's notes for publication on July 15 following, on which date Carlyle says in a letter: "I have this instant finished my third lecture" (that is, the lecture on Dante and Shakspere). In other words, it appears, from a comparison of these dates, that the Giotto portrait was discovered six days after the lecture was put in manuscript, and more than two months after it was delivered. As one of the contributors to *Notes and Queries* plausibly remarks, if Carlyle uttered May 12 the passage which afterward appeared in the printed lecture (not published, however, until March, 1841) he might have laid claim to the gift of prophecy.

The facts here presented give rise to three questions:

(1.) Was the description of Dante in the extempore lecture the same as the description in the printed book?

(2.) What did Carlyle mean by "that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto"?

(3.) What portrait was before Carlyle's eye, or in his mind's eye, when he composed the description?

The first question I am unable to answer; and unless the author's notes, or the reporter's notes, of the third lecture are now extant, it is possible that no answer will ever be forthcoming. As regards the second, I am indebted to Mr. Theodore Koch, the bibliographer of Dante, for a plausible suggestion. Says Mr. Koch, in a private letter: "The search for the Bargello portrait having been going on for some three years before 1840 [eight years, according to Kraus, 'Dante,' page 168], Giotto's name was naturally much bruited about, and Carlyle caught it up when he was describing an altogether different type of portrait." This very likely is the true explanation. That Carlyle was kept pretty well informed on Dante matters we know from several passages in Mrs. Carlyle's letters. His brother John, the translator of the 'Inferno,' was a Dante enthusiast. He appears to have talked Dante relentlessly to anybody who would listen to him. All, therefore, that John knew, Thomas, at one time or another, must have heard, though he may not always have retained it in its original form. It is possible, then, that Carlyle, from these talks, had gained the impression that certain portraits of Dante were the lineal descendants of the much-desiderated Giotto portrait. When, therefore, he used the words "that portrait commonly attributed to Giotto," it was as if he had said "that type of portrait which is derived from the Giotto portrait." This explanation, however, it must be confessed, is in one respect not very satisfactory. The words "which, looking on it, you cannot help inclining to think genuine, whoever did it," are curiously significant. They hint a doubt, which, as far as I know, had not yet arisen, and which did not assume definite form until, in 1864, Milanesi and Passerini pronounced the so-called Giotto portrait to be the work of Taddeo Gaddi. In the light of after-discussion, the words "whoever did it" seem fairly prophetic; but possibly some one better versed than I am in the history of Dante iconography can readily explain them.

The answer to the third question, namely, What portrait was actually before Carlyle when he wrote? may be contained in some of the letters and memorials not yet given to the world. In default of such direct evidence, it is interesting to note that Carlyle had in his possession, at the time he delivered his "Hero" lectures, two portraits of Dante, one by, the other after, the engraver Tofanelli. The first was the engraving noted by Mrs. Allingham as hanging over the sideboard in the back dining-room at No. 24 Cheyne Row. It shows only the head and part of the shoulders, the hand and book not being visible. Beneath it on the left is printed "Stefano Tofanelli disegnò," and on the right, "Gio Paolo Lorenzi sordo muto incise." Under the portrait is a quotation from canto xxiv. of the "Purgatorio":

"Io mi son un che, quando
Amor mi spira, noto, ed in quel modo
Che ditta dentro, vo significando."

The second portrait is in Carlyle's own copy of Dante, a three-volume edition published by P. Borghi e Comp., Florence, 1837. This engraving is of the Tofanelli-Morghen type, but it is much smaller and poorer than the portrait referred to above. The design is by E. Cateni, the engraving by Lasinio Figlio. Both the large engraving and the edition of Dante containing the smaller engraving are now in the possession of Mr. Alexander Carlyle of Newbattle Terrace, Edinburgh, who has kindly furnished me with a description of them.

The Tofanelli engraving agrees in most respects with Carlyle's description. The simple laurel wreath is wound about the head. In the face one may see, if not exactly the traits depicted by Carlyle, at least what might have suggested such traits to a man of genius whose imagination was at white heat. Though it is supposed to derive from a painting by Tommaso Gentili, the Tofanelli portrait is not a work of great art. To at least one person the face is somewhat weazened, and seems on the verge of a whimper. It would be absurd to compare it for an instant with such a work as the Raphael portrait in the Vatican, to which Carlyle's description bears a close resemblance. But if Carlyle actually made use of Tofanelli's engraving, this would not be the first time that genius has been touched to great issues by a minor work of art. Lessing, Keats, and Rossetti are cases in point.

A search in Carlyle and Dante literature has disclosed a few references to the question in hand in addition to those cited at the beginning of this communication. Professor McMechan, in his edition of Carlyle's 'Heroes,' notices that Carlyle has "here made a slip," and seems to suggest that the portrait described was drawn from the deathmask. From Mr. Walter Littlefield, whose article on Dante portraits appeared in the June issue of the *Critic*, we learn that "undoubtedly it was a composite picture of early *iconografia* which Carlyle beheld in his imagination when he wrote

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those famous lines, which, he tells the reader, were inspired by the contemplation of the portrait attributed to Giotto." Mr. W. C. Brownell, on the other hand, in his 'Victorian Prose Masters' (p. 77), seems to have overlooked altogether the discrepancy between description and portrait. "His rare admirations," he says of Carlyle, "are childish—for example, the feeble Dante fresco portrait once ascribed to Giotto, his interpretation of which is as absurd as anything in Ruskin."

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, November 25, 1903.

Notes.

The Life of Lowell for the American Men of Letters series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. has been undertaken by Dr. Samuel M. Crothers.

McClure, Phillips & Co. have nearly ready 'Great Masters,' by John La Farge.

From Lemcke & Büchner we receive the thirteenth issue of the ever welcome and as indispensable *Minerva*, swollen, as the editor points out, by more than a hundred scientific and learned institutions, many of them new foundations, but not all nor most. The index of names—the ready "Who's Who" of the learned world—shows 4,000 new entries: a greater boon. For portrait frontispiece we have Herkomer's etching of Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, dear to classical scholarship.

The recent visit of the Honourable Artillery Company to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts has been commemorated in a sumptuous small-folio volume entitled 'The Historie Booke,' and privately printed for the Boston Company. Portraits of sovereigns, governors, and President, of past commanders; facsimiles and rosters; lend a permanent value to this "tale of two worlds and five centuries—1537, 1638, 1903." For Bostonians especially the portraits will have a peculiar interest, including as they do many famous citizens of the commonwealth and of the United States.

The English Bible, King James's version, regarded as one of the great and admirable body of "Tudor translations," pursues its course in David Nutt's beautiful edition with volume four (Isaiah to Malachi).

Another of R. Ackermann's sporting books, 'The Analysis of the Hunting Field,' "a slight souvenir of the season 1845-46," is revived by Messrs. Appleton. The colored illustrations are by H. Alken, and so are the clever initial letters and vignettes, not always as well reproduced and sharply printed as the I on p. 115.

We cannot predict a general consensus in the implication of Elia W. Peattie's title, 'Poems You Ought to Know' (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Mrs. Peattie is the literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, and our recollection is that these poems appeared one by one in that paper, which was certainly all the better for them. Still, we think life could be passed without repentance for ignorance of Francis A. Durivage's "All," in spite of Bayard Taylor's encomium. And ought we even to know who Durivage was? We may say the same of Gen. Henry R. Jackson's "My Wife and Child," of Gen. William H. Lytle's "Antony and Cleopatra," of Father Ryan's "The Song of the Mystic," of J. L. McCreery's "There Is No Death," and of many more pieces and authors. We can hardly admit that the inclusion of such as these was a sufficient excuse for reprinting (in a book) old favorites.

'The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel,' by Isa Carrington Cabell (Henry Holt & Co.), is the title of a set of social satires, written originally as newspaper articles. They do not pretend to literary merit, but they are the reflections of a shrewd feminine intelligence which ranges over problems that every woman must confront—"Servants," the "New Man," the "New Child," and "Nervous Prostration," that disease of the rich, on which Carisabel remarks: "The 'Life and Letters of Stevenson' is the best tonic for nervous prostration. It costs two dollars, but then the starchy angel will cost her society and twenty-five dollars a week." Carisabel's lively descriptions of her college-bred daughter express the conservatism which is the keynote of this domestic philosophy.

In 'The Nature of Goodness' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Prof. George Herbert Palmer carries on in an interesting manner the discussion on which he entered in his 'Field of Ethics.' The treatment here, as there, is extremely fresh and vital; the style, not far behind Professor James's in point of homely vigor. Professor Palmer's expectations are not extravagant. Wishing merely to make people aware of what has always been in their minds, he feels that his readers may "know no more at the end of my book than they did at the beginning"; yet he hopes they will henceforth "find the world interesting in a degree they never knew before." This hope will doubtless be made good through a wide range, but the better informed of Professor Palmer's readers will enjoy his book much more than the worse informed, because they will recognize that they are, through much of the way, enjoying a criticism of various ethical books and writers whose names are given at the end of each chapter, but do not disfigure its course. "From the Double Nature of Goodness," as extrinsic and intrinsic, we pass to "Misconceptions of Goodness," and a set of well-considered definitions. The succeeding chapters treat of "Self-Consciousness," "Self-Direction," "Self-Development," "Self-Sacrifice," "Nature and Spirit," and "Three Stages of Goodness." Some of the apparent paradoxes are resolved in a suggestive and not too ingenious manner. At every step of its advance the argument hugs close the shore of concrete moral experience, so that while ethics is nowhere confounded with morality, the book is likely to prove morally helpful in not a few of its particulars.

A large enterprise has been begun by MM. Jules Gilliéron and E. Edmont in an 'Atlas Linguistique de la France,' of which 4 numbers have been published, each containing 50 maps (Paris: Honoré Champion). There are to be at least 1,800 sheets in 36 parts, at the price of 20 francs the number (25 francs after the sixth *livraison*). Every map will be devoted to a single word or single morphological type. It is supposed that 4 numbers will be published every year, and that the publication will be finished in 1908. The first map is devoted to the word *abeille*, and the patois equivalents throughout France. In the north of France *mouche* prevails; in the south *abeille;* and it is strange to note that in some localities *ruche, essaim, guêpe, bourdon* are used for *abeille*, contrary to the linguistic processes of other peasants who say *aps, eys, é,* or *a,* which are derivatives from the Latin *apis*. M. Roques, in the *Débats*, quoted in the publisher's circular, gives a skilful study of the Latin history of the word, and of the advance on the country dialects made by the speech of Paris. M. Edmont is the author of the 'Lexique Saint-Polois,' an excellent dialectal study, and is the chief worker among the investigators. It is quite unusual to be assured, of so large a work, that all the maps were ready for the printer in January last, and that only funds are needed to complete the publication. One would expect the General Atlas to follow a special study of all departments and localities. The order seems to be somewhat reversed in the case of this atlas; but it is evident that a large mass of valuable material will be lost if the plans of the editors fail.

Pierre Decharme's 'Compagnies et Sociétés Coloniales Allemandes' (Paris, 1903) bears for its epigraph the Bismarckian sentiment, "Avant le soldat, le marchand!" Conformably with this conception of the order of things, the volume throws weight upon the action of the German Chartered Companies as pathfinders for the imperial development to come. Decharme thinks that the inefficiency and final collapse of the companies mark a failure of the Chancellor's policy. This is doubtful; for, admitting the dangerous premise that any one knew or knows the workings of that subtle and not unscrupulous mind, the fact still remains that the original desire of Bismarck as expressed, namely, to organize the German colonies after the British Crown Colony model, has been fully realized. The colonial societies and their activity are treated in an interesting and exhaustive manner. Decharme thinks that their operations have resulted in "confounding colonization with external commerce," and that they have led to the easy launching of questionable enterprises. Especially valuable for the student is the series of statutes, charters, treaties, etc., appended to the volume, and the list of companies and colonial societies with their dates of founding, capitalization, and the like. The bibliography also contributes to make the volume an excellent one for the student of colonies.

Part III. of the Transactions of the German Asiatic Society of Japan, for 1903, completing volume ix., contains five papers, every one of interest, and two of more than usual importance. Dr. Koganei furnishes a rigidly scientific paper on "The Original Inhabitants of Japan." He proves, from profound researches and careful comparative examinations, with measurements of the physique of the Japanese and their habitations, the substantial identity of the Aino of Yezo and the Kurile Islands with the natives of the more southern old Japan, or the long civilized part of the empire. He makes language, the shell-heaps and other subterranean evidences, besides various constants in superficies and proportions, tell their story. His conclusion is set forth in his final sentence, which confirms his previous deliverances on this point: "The Japanese realm (*Reich*) was once an Aino realm." Rev. H. Haas treats of the origin of the name Nippon, showing its Chinese origin.

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The same scholar presents a study of the religions of Japan, though rather in the form of a survey of the literature of the subject, pointing out the store of materials for a study of Shinto, Buddhism, and Confucianism, now awaiting the foreign student. The tables of statistics, with names and founders of the different sects, with dates, is very valuable, showing that the Shin, or Protestant sect, which teaches justification by faith, leads all in the number of temples. Those who have noted with interest the great part which gifts of sustenance, both of uncooked food and of delicacies and decorated eatables, play in the social system of the Japanese, will find a very pleasing and correct study of the Japanese custom of food presents. The paper is reinforced with eight pages of illustrations concerning the arrangements of tables, trays, tying cords, and the peculiar folded papers containing, as insert, a bit of dried fish. In this we see a survival and elaboration of very primitive rules of life. There is also a good paper on the Imperial Realm or Crownland of Hokkaido (Yezo). The proceedings of the meetings regularly held show the flourishing state of this learned society.

Prof. Dr. Karl Krumbacher of Munich, the only occupant of a chair for Byzantine Greek in a German university, is publishing in the reports of the Royal Bavarian Academy (Historical Section, 1903, *Heft* III.) the text of an entirely new specimen of a peculiar kind of mediæval literature, of which only a very few samples have been issued. This is the famous 'Fish Book' (ὀψαριολόγος) belonging to a larger group of Animal, Plant, and Stone Books, and closely related to the Quadruped Book, the Bird Book, and the Fruit Book, of which Krumbacher gives an interesting account in his 'Byzantinische Literaturgeschichte' (II., p. 877 *sq.*). It is nearest akin to the last-mentioned, both describing tricks which take place before the King, with the object of satirizing the abuses of title and office in the Byzantine Empire. In the Fruit Book the grape raises some false charges of treachery against a number of officials; in the Fish Book the hungry mackerel are charged with conspiracy against his Majesty King Whale, in which also Count Sardine has taken part. This edition of the Fish Book is based on the only codex in existence, a Middle-Greek Manuscript in the Escorial, of which Krumbacher managed to secure a photographic reproduction. The best-known specimen of this curious type of literature is the 'Reinecke Fuchs' story, of which Goethe gave so masterly a version.

Only two years ago an attempt to introduce the translation of the New Testament into modern Greek created a students' riot in Athens that resulted in bloodshed. Quite recently Angelos Simiriotis, a professor in the theological seminary in Smyrna, sought to introduce such a translation as a part of his lectures to his pupils, and then to publish the work. At the instigation of the local synod in Constantinople, the Metropolitan of that city, who is the head of the Eastern branch of the orthodox Church, published a bull addressed to the Archbishop of Smyrna demanding that Simiriotis's work be suppressed, and that the copies which had appeared should be confiscated. This was promptly done.

The gratifying announcement is made that the new Pope will continue the policy, adopted by his predecessor twenty years ago, of giving free access to the savants of all nations to the treasures of the Vatican. Some time after the election of Pius X., Dr. Pastor, the director of the Austrian Historical Institute in Rome, in an audience with the pontiff, when presenting to him the fourth edition of the first volume of the 'History of the Popes in the Age of the Renaissance,' gave expression to the hope that the liberal policy of Leo XIII. would be continued. The Pope in strong terms declared such to be his intention, and closed with the words: "Non è da temere la verità."

Only recently has Denmark communicated its formal acceptance of the Bern Convention for the international protection of authors; and now the Swedish Society of Authors has united in a petition to the Government to have the authorities of their country take a similar step. The promise has been officially given that this will be done.

Two important changes took place in Iceland during 1903: the long struggle for a revision of the Constitution was finally crowned with success; and the unpoetical split codfish, which for centuries has been the coat of arms, has given way to the Icelandic white falcon. The first change is of a practical character, and it is hoped that, by having a resident minister, instead of half a minister, in Copenhagen, the Icelanders will in the next generation show an even greater advancement than in the immediate past. As a matter of fact, the desire for a worthy national symbol is an even more encouraging sign, showing, as it does, that the growth of material prosperity has not deadened the minds of the people to an appreciation of the higher things of life. For particulars regarding the above changes and Iceland's general progress, one may consult a letter in the London *Times* of October 13, 1903, from the pen of a well-known American scholar.

The six-sheet Omar calendar of Fox, Duffield & Co. frames two of FitzGerald's stanzas in a pretty green-leaf border for every two months of the year 1904, the text in brown ink on an elegant uncalendered Japan paper (a paradox to the ear). Another novelty is the pad of the Pope Manufacturing Co., which affords for each day of the year a fresh, up-to-date testimonial from some person of distinction to the healthful uses of the bicycle; substantial proof that this vehicle is not so much gone out of fashion as would appear.

—One of the best numbers in the valuable series of "Our European Neighbors" (Putnams) is that on 'Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country,' by Francis H. E. Palmer, the well-informed author of a similar volume on Russian life. He is at his best in the chapters conveying solid information, of a kind very much needed in newspaper offices, as to Austro-Hungarian nationalities and political and official life. If he is not quite as satisfactory in dealing with the aspects of town and rural life, he may plead that limitations of space made anything like adequate treatment of so complex a subject impossible. Hungary, on the whole, fares better at his hands than Austria, the description of life in Transylvania being particularly good. On the other hand, the account of the intellectual life of the monarchy is lamentably meagre. Not a name of any writer occurs in the chapters devoted to Austro-German, Magyar, Polish, Austro-Servian, Wallachian, and Czech literature. (Indeed, aside from royalty, the only names of Austro-Hungarian celebrities of any kind mentioned in the volume are those of Deák, Kossuth, Beust, and Hentzi.) Still poorer is the attempt to depict the social life of Vienna, the pages being disfigured by the writer's unreasoning anti-Semitic prejudice. Author and publishers are probably equally responsible for the omission or misplacement of Hungarian accents, the misspelling of German words, and the erroneous designation, in a footnote, of Kolozsvár as the Magyar equivalent of Kronstadt, instead of Klausenburg; but the indiscriminate use of French and semi-German transliterations of Russian words (such as "Moujic" and "Tscherop Spiridonowitch"), the preference for Bauers and Czech*ish*, and the interchanging of "Serbs" and "Servians," must be laid to the author's charge. The publishers, however, are answerable for the mediocrity of the illustrations (with such a subject as Austria-Hungary before them!). The tautological "Austrian Tyrol" appears so constantly in books and papers that one looks for it almost as a matter of course in a work like the present. But, with all its blemishes, Mr. Palmer's volume can be recommended as a sensible, pleasantly written, and generally safe guide in the maze of Austro-Hungarian nationalities.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons are the American publishers of Prof. Paul Wernle's elaborate study, 'The Beginnings of Christianity,' in two volumes, the first of which, 'The Rise of the Religion,' has now come to hand. Professor Wernle occupies a distinguished place in the University of Basel and among Continental theologians, but his book is not so written as to convey definite impressions. A sandy diffuseness is its most characteristic note. There are chapters on the Jewish conditions that were preparatory for the Christian origins, others upon the life and teachings of Jesus, then a series on the Jewish-Christian development, a longer series on St. Paul, and a concluding set on the Apocalypse, which is accepted as a Christian document fundamentally. Corresponding to the opinion of Harnack and others, that it is a Jewish writing which has undergone Christian redaction, we have the acknowledgment that its use of Jewish apocalyptical machinery is extremely free and bold. An English introduction assures us that the idea running through the whole book is a simple one: "It is, first of all, to ascertain what the Gospel is as seen in the teachings and character of Jesus; and secondly, to measure all the later expositions of the Gospel contained in the teachings of the New Testament writers by the Gospel itself." The idea is simple enough, but the working of it is extremely difficult, and requires for its efficiency a far more delicate critical apparatus than Professor Wernle has at his command. For it is not as if he could content himself with taking the teachings of Jesus at their face value. Even in those teachings he finds a temporal element, an historic envelope, which must be stripped away before the essential truth of Christianity can be disclosed. Where, for example, Martineau found no "Messianic consciousness" in Jesus, Prof. Wernle finds it unmistakable, but regards it as a mis-

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taken consciousness, bred by the conditions of the time. Passing from Jesus to his disciples, the "historic envelope" is stripped off with a bolder hand. The early Christian theology is described as "a wretched jumble of Jewish words and conceptions, and Christian insertions and additions." If a partial exception is made in favor of St. Paul, he is nevertheless found guilty of fanatical narrowness and of confining the Gospel within a form that does not harmonize with the teachings of Jesus. In its main effect the book is one more sign of the general drift away from the traditional Christianity.

—Robert Kilburn Root's 'Classical Mythology in Shakespeare,' one of the Yale Studies in English (Henry Holt & Co.), provides a summary, not of the classical allusions altogether, but of the classical mythology in Shakspere. The subjects are arranged alphabetically, as Achilles, Actæon, Adonis, etc.; the passages from the authors that Shakspere probably had in mind are quoted, mostly from Ovid, more rarely from Virgil, but occasionally from the Greek; and the various topics are further illustrated with much comment from a wide reading. The essay, of 134 pages, begins with an introduction, in which the author considers the possibility of obtaining an argument for the genuineness of the Shaksperian authorship of plays from the different ways in which he uses mythology at different times; and a final section mentions the plays in the order of their origin according to Mr. Root, with a brief notice of the mythology in each. Classes in Shakspere will find here many interesting and instructive notes, as on poppy under "Lethe," on tent under "Hecuba," on "Ilium," on dragon under "Night," on Thomas Scarlet under "Narcissus," on "Hyperion," etc. No one, of course, will expect to see Shakspere here published as a plagiarist; the magisterial way of the old Elizabethan in dealing with his authorities is too well known for any one to fear to see him cast from his eminence. It is also understood from the days of Farmer that Shakspere relied chiefly upon the translations of the classics, mostly on Golding's translation of Ovid. In such a play as "Titus Andronicus," and also in "Henry VI.," it is curious to learn that Shakspere introduces classical myths not to be found in any other of his admittedly genuine plays. Mr. Root's essay is well worth consulting when a comment on the topics he discusses is required. Under "Hector" it might have been mentioned that Hector quotes Aristotle, who lived 800 years after the siege of Troy; and the note on the "Sibyl" and her "prophetic fury" might be compared with Mr. Grant White's comment on page 35 of his 'Memoirs of Shakspere.' Mr. White thinks Shakspere had in mind the 'Orlando Furioso,' and that the line furnishes proof that Shakspere knew Italian. Mr. Root (p. 62) discerns a reference to Fortune and her wheel in Horace, Ode 3:10, 10; but this seems hardly necessary for an explanation of the passage.

—To "The Library of Literary History," best known in this country as containing Prof. Barrett Wendell's 'Literary History of America,' has recently been added a volume on the 'Literary History of Scotland,' by J. H. Millar, author of 'The Mid-Eighteenth Century' in Saintsbury's "Periods of European Literature Series." This writer has boldly attempted to cover the whole history of letters in Scotland down to the present day, omitting only authors (like Carlyle) whose work was for the most part done in England. In the Pre-Reformation period, though the estimate of literary quality is based on his own reading, Mr. Millar makes no pretensions to authority in dealing with technical or controversial topics, and seems as a rule to depend chiefly on the recent work of Mr. T. F. Henderson. His treatment of the Ballads is not remarkable either for discriminating appreciation or for grasp of the technical problems involved, his qualifications for dealing with the subject being indicated by his choice of three supposedly typical examples for quotation, two of which are not recognized by Child as genuine traditional ballads at all, while the third is quoted in a doctored version. His discussion of later writers is marked by frequent and often grave inaccuracies, and by a strong bias against what he delights to call "high-flying," *i. e.*, all kinds of enthusiasm for reform and covenanting zeal. The reader familiar with Scottish history and the Scottish temperament will perceive that this implies an unsympathetic treatment of much that is most characteristic in Scottish literature. In the case of some contemporary writers, the author's partisanship leads him at times to unjust verdicts and the most unworthy insinuations. It is only in the case of men of his own political and theological bent that Mr. Millar is capable of rendering an estimate at once sympathetic and just. This is notably to be seen in the chapter on Sir Walter Scott, perhaps the most satisfactory in the book. It is extremely regrettable that a volume giving the most convenient account of Scottish literature as a whole should be disfigured by so much that is ill-natured and untrue.

—The fifth edition of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu's notable work, 'De la Colonisation chez les Peuples Modernes,' deserves almost the notice accorded to a new book. It is about twice the size of the fourth edition, and contains much new matter, besides that necessary to bring it up to date. The general character of the treatise remains practically the same. The French colonies receive an even more disproportionate amount of space than formerly; the English colonies are relatively the more restricted, although the author has always been strong in his approval of the general type of British policy. The standpoint of the work is that of the economist and statistician rather than that of the social scientist; Leroy-Beaulieu seldom vies with Roscher in breadth of philosophical view. He is at his best when dealing with such subjects as the chartered companies; his chapters on "Sociologie Coloniale," etc., are by comparison much weaker. A rather amusing self-gratulatory vein runs through this edition, indicated by frequent verbatim extracts from former editions, followed by a complacent "I told you so." But this is a minor matter, and the faults of the work are minor; it remains the best treatise we have on colonization. Several additions have been made. Some time ago Friedrich Ratzel complained that no book on colonies paid any attention to the colonial activities of races other than the white; he wished to include what may be called primitive colonization, *e. g.*, that of the Malays and Polynesians. Leroy-Beaulieu does not meet this objection fully, but he does give a respectable section to the late colonial labors, in Yezo, Formosa, and Korea, of the Japanese. Furthermore, he expands the story of Russian colonization to a considerable extent, much to the profit of his readers. Among the new parts of the work is to be found, likewise, a chapter on the United States as a colonial power. And here we have, from a recognized authority on colonies, and from a friend of colonial expansion, a lucid and wholesome statement of the economic and other incongruities of our late exploits. It does not appear that Leroy-Beaulieu is in any sense an enemy of America and her greatness; yet he takes substantially the attitude toward American "colonial" enterprise and toward the late President and his policy which has been decried as the view of narrow-minded enemies of their country. The exploit of Gen. Funston in capturing Aguinaldo is euphemistically described as "une sorte de trahison."

—Mr. Alfred Marks has had reprinted, in pamphlet form, from the transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, his paper on the probable extent of the collaboration between Hubert and John van Eyck which was read before that society on the 24th of last June. His conclusion is that both brothers worked on all the pictures properly attributable to either until the death of Hubert in 1426, and, indeed, that the collaboration cannot be said to have ceased until John had finished all the pictures begun at the time of his brother's death, ending with the completion of the great Ghent altarpiece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," on May 6, 1432. He believes that John, who is supposed to have been some twenty years younger than his brother, worked as the latter's assistant, being specially intrusted with the landscape backgrounds, of which he made a specialty, and that there are probably no pictures entirely by Hubert and none entirely by John earlier than the first authentic signed and dated picture, which is of the same year with the completion of the Ghent altarpiece. We do not pretend to the expert knowledge necessary to a definite opinion of our own in such a matter, but Mr. Marks's arguments are strong and, as he puts them, fairly conclusive. He examines all of the well-known and important works of the Van Eycks, excepting, of course, those signed by John, and finds only two in which the evidence of collaboration seems to him doubtful. His reasoning may be condensed into something like this: John van Eyck was specially praised as a landscape painter in his epitaph, and by the earliest writers on his work, who also record the tradition of collaboration. Some of the landscape backgrounds of Van Eyck pictures contain the palmetto, which grows in few places in Europe, but does grow, in abundance, in a part of Spain which we know that John van Eyck visited. This visit took place after Hubert's death, and these pictures, *ex hypothesi*, were completed after the return from this journey. There are other tropical plants in many pictures which suggest a journey to Italy, and there are snow mountains which would have been seen on the way. We have no

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knowledge that John van Eyck ever went to Italy, but the presence of similar plants in pictures which he signed leads to the inference that he painted these parts of the unsigned pictures. Certain resemblances in the treatment of architecture and the observation of the flight of birds lead also to the conclusion that the hand of John van Eyck is to be found in all these pictures.

—Here it might be suggested that the argument rather tends to eliminate Hubert altogether, and that John may have painted the pictures alone. The answer is, first, the tradition of collaboration again—in the case of the Ghent altarpiece it is, of course, explicit statement; then the fact that the portraits of the brothers occur, side by side, in two of these pictures; then that John was a realist and a portrait painter, and that some of these pictures contain figures possessing a beauty of which we have no reason to think him capable. Finally, if John painted these pictures, why did he not sign them? And why do his authentic signed pictures begin precisely in 1432 and continue until his death? There are only two earlier dates, and they are shown to be on doubtful or more than doubtful pictures. John van Eyck sometimes affixed his signature to the frame of a picture, and some of these frames may have been lost. "Subject to this reservation," says Mr. Marks, "the absence of a signature renders doubtful an ascription to John van Eyck." In conclusion Mr. Marks devotes some space to the consideration of certain objections to his theory, which hardly seem very formidable, and raises the question of what work Hubert did before 1410, when John, then about twenty years old, is supposed to have become his assistant.

—European scholarship in Chinese suffers severely by the decease on October 15th of Prof. Dr. Gustaaf Schlegel, who held the chair of the Chinese language and literature at Leyden University from the year 1877. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest sinologues of our time, and eminent even in the long list of scholars associated with Leyden. The son of the renowned zoölogist Schlegel, he was born at Oegstgeest, South Holland, in 1840, and was early the pupil of the sinologue and pioneer professor of Japanese in Europe, Dr. J. J. Hoffmann. On August 20, 1862, he was appointed Government interpreter in Chinese at Batavia, holding the office until 1872, and being also, during that time, a member of the commission for the revision of the civil law of the Netherlands Indies. His degree of Doctor of Philosophy came in 1869, from the University of Jena, his thesis being on Chinese recreations and customs. On October 3, 1877, he delivered his inauguration discourse as professor in Leyden, which was concerned with the peculiarities of Chinese linguistic studies. Besides his great dictionary, the number of his writings surpasses 250, and these cover the various subjects of ethnology, epigraphy, law, agriculture, astronomy, and many matters of recondite scholarship. He was especially strong and felicitous in archaic Chinese. Many a "rubbing" from weatherbeaten monuments, after others had given them up, was made to talk clearly and coherently about things that happened long ago. Schlegel knew well the pragmatic cast of the ancient Chinaman's mind, and where others looked for high-flown sentiment and missed, he, in the dry light of sheer patience and practical genius, saw clearly and interpreted aright. We remember one inscription from a tablet on an old battlefield, over which he spent many weeks, finally winning the secret of the puzzling sentence which none other could make out. It contained the idea that, owing to the perduring stench of the field, neither the habitation of man nor work of the sculptor could be reared in the neighborhood of the great slaughter. He was long the editor of the polyglot journal devoted to sinological studies, and with the type resources of Brill (successor to Elzevir) he was rarely at a loss for ideograms. A member of the Royal Academy of Amsterdam, he read a paper during the Chino-Japanese war in defence of the Chinese as against the Japanese, believing also that the latter would not, for superstitious reasons, occupy Mukden. He was a correspondent of many learned societies in various lands, Knight of the Order of the Netherlands Lion, Commander of the Order of the Double Dragon and of the French Order of Cambodia, and various other European and knightly orders. It is to be seen whether the great Chinese scholar, J. J. M. De Groot, now in Holland, will succeed to his position.

TREVELYAN'S AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The American Revolution. Part II. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., Author of 'The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay' and 'The Early History of Charles James Fox.' In two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

It is twenty-three years since Sir George Trevelyan followed up his Life of Macaulay with the 'Early History of C. J. Fox.' This volume ended with the year 1774, and readers all over the world were looking eagerly for more of the great statesman's life from one who had proved himself so eminently competent to write it, when it was announced that the author had determined to take up the larger topic of the 'American Revolution,' a subject no doubt exhibiting Fox in some of his best efforts, but which, even if completed, would leave the most eventful half of his life unwritten. The publication a few years ago of the first volume of the 'American Revolution,' while confirming and increasing admiration of Sir George Trevelyan's talents, did not remove the regret, which will even be deepened by these volumes, that he abandoned a subject so unique to take up one which, however well he might treat it, some one else was pretty sure to take up; and one on which we can hardly believe he has said the last word, as on Fox he might have done. With this one word of protest, we pass to the volumes themselves—a monument of industry, impartiality, and generosity in a most vivacious and attractive form.

The first volume carried the story of the Revolution through the evacuation of Boston. The second part consists of two volumes. They begin by retrograding to the reception of the news of Lexington in England, and continue the narrative of action and opinion on both sides of the ocean to the abandonment of the Jerseys by Howe, and Washington's establishment at Morristown early in 1777. It will be seen that Sir George travels almost as slowly as his uncle, and with less excuse; for the career of Washington is a good deal better known than that of William III. There is not much that we wish away; but when we think of what remains to be told, we recall with apprehension what Macaulay says of Orme's 'History of Indostan': "He is minute even to tediousness, so that his narrative, though one of the most authentic and picturesque in our language, is scarcely ever read."

That Sir George's narrative is authentic as far as any book not contemporary can be, no one will question. He has extended his researches wide and deep among records ancient and modern. He is well acquainted with the "American Archives" and with Amos Farnsworth's Diary; he is equally acquainted with Tyler and Fiske, with E. J. Lowell and C. F. Adams, jr. It would be hard to name the books he has read; perhaps harder those he has not. If a few can be named which would have helped his narrative, it must be said at the same time that he has availed himself of many sources of information rarely studied even by Americans. In tracing the course of public opinion in England, he has enriched his narrative from a store of family documents.

Of this mass of hardly collected and deeply studied materials he has made excellent use. He deserves the title of picturesque as much as Orme, or Macaulay himself. The story of Trenton as he tells it will compare with his uncle's tale of Sedgmoor for vividness and brilliancy; and his history and analysis of the whole "Hessian" levy, and how it was regarded in England and America, will fascinate those who are familiar with the tale of the earlier mercenaries that marched from Ephesus to Trebizond twenty-three centuries ago. Such topics might inspire any writer, and they have awakened readers' interest for years; but the author has brought into prominence many less known incidents of the time, and has thrown over them a glow and reality which makes them no longer sandy patches alternating with the green. The constitution of the Revolutionary army and the position of the refugees in England are expanded as they should be, while the relations of Canada to the mother country and the colonies, and the character of the English newspaper press, will have the charm of novelty as well as vivacity.

The great question, however, to be asked about any account of our Revolution by an Englishman is whether the author is impartial; and to this question there is in the present instance a double answer. Neutral Sir George Trevelyan certainly is not—his sympathies are with the revolutionists; but not from any philosophical democracy or want of English patriotism. He is for Washington and Franklin because he is for Fox and Burke, for Chatham and his son, for Camden and Horace Walpole. In one of his chapters on public opinion in England—and more suggestive chapters were never written—he has these words: "It must never be forgotten that many Englishmen from the first . . . regarded the contest which was being fought out in America not as a foreign war, but as a civil war in which English liberty was the stake." The same political sympathies which made the author the enthusiastic

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biographer of Fox, made him the calm but firm supporter of the colonists against court influence and remodelled Jacobitism in his own country. He labors to show that the same opinions were strongly felt and widely diffused in England in 1776. This must be regarded as one of the less successful parts of his book. He infers back from the irresistible flood of public opinion against the ministry in 1781 that the tide must have been gathering throughout the war from its earliest years; but it is hardly to be doubted that, in its middle period, English sympathy was against the colonists; doubtless from their alliance with France.

But, though not neutral, the author is truly impartial in judging the actors and their performances. He is determined, if anything good can be said of any one, to say it—even to the extent of quoting a modern German apology for the ruler of Hesse Cassel; yet not a weakness of any hero escapes him. It will do Americans good to read in his pages exactly where such men as Putnam and Sullivan and Arnold were weak and where they were strong; how the very companies which under Knowlton and Parsons showed such a bold face to Howe in Westchester, had run away from him a few days before in Manhattan.

Perhaps this impartiality can best be seen by a consideration of how he discusses Howe's entire campaign of 1776, beginning with his attack on Long Island, and ending with his cessation of active movements. He condemns Washington's attempt to hold New York in deference to the wishes of Congress, while doing ample justice to his reticent willingness to be held responsible; he praises to the full Howe's tactics in the battle; Stirling and Sullivan, Grant and Von Heister, have their dues scrupulously given them. Washington's conduct at the time of the battle is soberly criticised, and his management of the retreat as soberly praised. Howe's failure to follow up his tactical success by strategic energy is duly balanced against the failure of Washington and of Greene—for whom he has warm and just admiration—to appreciate in full the situation on the east of the Hudson. He exhibits with stern accuracy the apathy of the inhabitants of New Jersey; he paints Washington on the verge of utter despair, his troops dissolving day by day, and the contrast between the conduct of the English and that of their mercenary allies, which raised up enemies where none had been. The insubordination of Lee is vividly drawn, yet Sir George tries to find something good even in him, and one cannot help doubting if he has ever read George H. Moore's monograph on his treason. He does not seek to solve the insoluble problem of why the American force—if it deserves such a name—was not pressed to its ruin; he contents himself with intimating that if Cornwallis, to whose talents and character he pays no stinted or undeserved tribute of praise, had had control, the result would have been very different; but in the end he leaves us assured that he is glad it was not different.

Perhaps, after all, no other explanation of Howe's failure to destroy the resistance of the Colonies is needed than the reproach used to an infinitely greater tactician after an infinitely greater success: "He knew how to conquer; he did not know how to use his victory." If the old barrack ballad declared Lord Cornwallis as "brave as Alexander," it may not be absurd to make Hannibal's default a parallel to Howe's.

Trevelyan's account of the Congress of 1776, the gradual organization of the States, and the Declaration, does not seem as satisfying as some parts of the book. Undoubtedly Thomas Paine's 'Common Sense' set the whole country aflame; but the potency of the spark seems to get more and the combustible material less than the due share. The absence of all report of the debates in Congress is mentioned, and Botta's fantastic speeches properly criticised; but Sir George does not seem to have heard of Webster's reconstruction of the views of Dickinson and Adams.

We have spoken of the author's interesting contribution from family papers to the account of public opinion in England; but surely such a creature as Stoney Bowes has managed to steal too much of his space, unless, indeed, it makes people read 'Barry Lyndon' again. Another man, whom it is almost an insult to name on the same page as Stoney Bowes, namely, John Wesley, also consumes undue space. His own conversion to the royal side—as startling as any recorded in his own diary—is properly told, but his operations on the soldiers are detailed at inappropriate length.

The last chapter, on the religious bearing of the struggle, is carefully written, and with the author's uniform desire to do justice, but it deals too exclusively with the Anglican body. He does know that the prevalent church polity in New England was Congregational, and not Presbyterian; but he has little to say of the Presbyterians where they were strong, and ignores the Baptists, the Lutherans, and the Dutch Reformed. A study of Sprague's 'Annals of the American Pulpit' would have amused and instructed him; and while doing the Right Rev. Samuel Seabury ample justice, pressed down and running over, he might have made himself acquainted with that shameless burlesquer of history, the Rev. Samuel Peters.

The vein of sly humor which runs through some of the gravest chapters is thoroughly charming. Sir George remembers that in his early manhood he could see fun in our civil war where none was, and has kept his satire in check; but avails himself of some opportunities which no mortal with any sense of wit would let slip. There are very few things which need absolute correction. Americans will not easily excuse the total omission of Nathan Hale; Gowanus Creek and Meconkey's Ferry appear in unusual forms; and how will the biographer of Fox excuse the historian of the Revolution for speaking of Camden as Rockingham's Lord Chancellor?

RECENT FICTION.

Letters Home. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

The Adventures of Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Sanctuary. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Touch of Sun, and Other Stories. By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Circle in the Square. By Baldwin Sears. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Sixty Jane, and Other Stories. By John Luther Long. The Century Co.

The Whip Hand. By Samuel Merwin. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Holladay Case. By Burton E. Stevenson. Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

Mr. Howells's latest novel should help to correct a very general misunderstanding of his literary theories—a misunderstanding which his own direct attempts to enlighten the public have only served to confirm. In popular opinion he stands for an inveterate enemy of romance and an apostle of the commonplace. As a matter of fact, he has never had any ill-feeling for romance, but has long pursued romantic nonsense with a sacred rage. In 'Letters Home' this distinction is so clearly made that none but those blind who won't see can miss it. The situation developed is so remote from the common thing in this moment of the world's history that it is of the essence of romance. Does the splendid daughter of a Western Churn and Cheese Trust, pushing Eastward in quest of social glory, abandon her adventure for the sake of a young man, engaging, it is true, but impecunious and of no importance? Can such a young man's passion exist undefiled by reflection upon a certain agreeable extension of opportunity incidental to union with the daughter of a Trust? Mr. Howells believes that such things can be, and, by his exposition of the passion of love disinterested and mighty, assures us that this sordid old world is full of romantic possibilities, and that so long as youth must precede age, the flower of romance will spring up and bloom in the barrenest soil and most uncongenial atmosphere.

True love always has its cross, and that imposed on America Ralson and Wallace Ardith is the possession of a romantic conscience which whips them to the verge of foolish renunciation. This impulse to perpetrate a folly that yet seems to be fine self-abnegation, represents the romantic nonsense to undermine and discredit which Mr. Howells has so long toiled and suffered. One may doubt whether the vigorous America would have let her lover go for good to the weak little girl who claimed him, but she had her moment of thinking that she could and must, that such abandonment was altogether good and heavenly; and that is, after all, the moment that proves how wrong would be the consummation of such highly intended sacrifice. America is very modern, a type only just coming in for notice; and though Mr. Howells has caught her salient points, we are not sure that he has correctly read her secret soul.

The novel of letters is unquestionably the most difficult narrative form, yet Mr. Howells manages it with delightful ease and vivacity. The individuality of each writer is well defined, without confusion of point of view or style. Each one, besides keeping up the story, liberally contributes himself, glimpses of his past experience, observations on the world about him; so that from these self-revelations the reader enters sympathetically into half a dozen stories. In life, people are always coming temporarily together through common interest in an actual drama, while at the same time all are busy about their own affairs and ready to drift apart as soon as the play that has attracted them is

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over. The representation of this perpetual movement of life is so difficult that few novelists ever dream of trying it. Mr. Howells has shown himself accomplished in such representation over and over again, but has perhaps never come so near perfection as in 'Letters Home.'

Brigadier Gerard of the Hussars of Conflans is a splendid hero of his own tales. Nothing in the way of military exploit could be more exciting than the matter of his adventures, and it would be hard to improve on his method of narration. The only trifling defect is that his vanity, both national and personal, is overdone. But the most amusing episodes—the fox hunt behind the lines of Torres Vedras, and the triumphant exile in England—rest on his boundless self-esteem, and they are good enough to excuse a slight fault in characterization. Gay, gallant, brave, devoted to the Emperor, the Brigadier is a fine addition to the heroes who so numerously adorn the Napoleonic legend.

In the first part of the tale entitled 'Sanctuary,' Mrs. Wharton describes a very innocent young girl receiving her first intimation of the existence of evil in a hitherto beautiful world through her lover's confession of infamous conduct. The shock converts Miss Orme's love into loathing, and she resolves to abandon Mr. Peyton, but is deterred by a vision of his marrying some girl who would never know his secret and of a possible child "born to an inheritance of secret weakness, a vice of the moral fibre." This vision affects her so powerfully that she marries Peyton, her love for him having been enlarged into "this passion of charity for his race," and her whole being possessed by a "passion of spiritual motherhood that made her long to fling herself between the unborn child and its fate." The quasi-scientific treatment of such a fantastic notion does not clothe it with dignity, and the author fails to relate it to human experience.

The second part of the story is founded on common human nature, has much dramatic force, and so little necessary reference to the first part that, with some trifling alteration, it could stand alone. The relation between Mrs. Peyton and her son is well described, and the mother's conduct during the trying time of the son's exposure to a great temptation is wise enough to wipe out scores of mistakes and follies. Mrs. Wharton is much stronger in dramatic narrative and emotional scenes than in psychological analysis and scientific adventure, where the temptation to say something important leads her perilously near to nonsense. When one is discussing small affairs, there is at least an irritating pretentiousness in such phrases as "the tolerance which allows for the inconscient element in all our judgments"; "caught in the inexorable continuity of life"; "reaching out for ultimate relations." This is the language of a text-book or a philosopher, not of a simple story-teller with a particle of sense for style.

Mrs. Foote long ago arrived at a pleasant mediocrity in the art of story-telling, and rarely either rises above or falls far below her own standard. With the heat and roses of California, the dust of Idaho, the desolation of the alkali desert, a miner, or a soldier, or a cowboy and a girl, she can be relied on to concoct an agreeable tale. Her latest volume, made up of all these ingredients, is just as agreeable as its predecessors. There is a good deal to amuse, a good deal to skip, and nothing to do any harm. Mrs. Foote's tales can never be responsible for such deplorable influence or conduct as is attributed to Tolstoy and Turgeneff by her Miss Benedet, the smirched heroine of 'A Touch of Sun.' This young lady, having been left without society on the paternal ranch, sought solace in literature, and, to use her own words, had her first great orgy of the Russians. The result was disastrous, for when she went out to ride, her mind dwelling on her books, on "men and women who knew no curb, who stopped at nothing, and who paid the price of their passionate mistakes," she rode out of bounds with a handsome cowboy, and, though almost immediately returned to her home by a benevolent stranger, she had out of the escapade the satisfaction that may lie in paying tne price of a passionate mistake. San Francisco was scandalized beyond expression, and never again looked kindly upon Miss Benedet. It may be inferred from these stories that the Spanish-American war made a deeper emotional impression in the West than in the East. Mrs. Foote's imagination, at all events, has been touched by it, and she quite makes a point of weeping over the heroes who died in Cuba for the Cubans.

The gentleman of the old South is a cherished figure in fiction. Pompous, punctilious, polished, more or less a graven image, we have long loved and revered him. If the author of 'The Circle in the Square' may be believed, nothing that pertained to the old South is so extinct as is its once imposing gentleman. With his lands and slaves, his Latin quotations and pleasant vices, he has vanished, surviving only as an historical portrait survives in a national gallery. The gentlemen of the new South, who dwell in the circle of houses built round the courthouse square, must surely keep the family portraits blushing and their ancestors perpetually turning in their graves. In their youth they appear to be little better than hoodlums, and in their middle age rather worse than the most vulgar and corrupt of Irish politicians. They speak a dialect which, when spelled phonetically, combines the negro and poor-white pronunciation, and their social condition is a hopeless mixture of barbarism and provincialism. We do not pretend to know whether the Berkeleys and Paiges and Fairfaxes of the 'Circle in the Square' would pass for gentlemen in the South, or whether the author may not be spitefully libelling a class; but it is certain that he has drawn his characters from life, and his drama from social conditions actually existing. His novel is poorly constructed, rather badly written, but surprisingly full of life and shrewd observation; altogether sincere and truthful. He feels the shame of much that he depicts, and in the development of Shan Morgan tries to express an ideal of a virtuous manhood of which the South seems to have urgent need. In regard to the negro question he is hotly prejudiced and blind. Since emancipation, he says, "the sons and grandsons of faithful, honest slaves have grown up into an immoral, lazy, dishonest class, which, no longer controlled by a superior race, and having by nature no self-control, despise (?) the white people, who have lost caste in their eyes by losing their authority." He does not appear to have noticed that on his own showing the race once superior has disappeared, and that the deterioration of the negro since the abolition of slavery is very inconsiderable beside that of the gentleman in the same period.

There is a great deal of manner about the tales in the volume entitled 'Sixty Jane,' and one cannot feel sure that it is ever the author's own manner. The title story and one or two others are experiments in the sentimental emotional manner invented by Dickens; the Japanese things are impressionistic, reminiscent of Pierre Loti, while the "Lady and her Soul," and "The Atonement" are purely in the later Henry Harland manner, with all its artificiality and none of its grace. "Lucky Jim" has the least affectation, and makes a profoundly pathetic impression. One wonders whether the incident is taken from life, and whether there is a State in the Union where a child of nine can be sent to work in mines with a chain-gang and kept there for a score of years, hidden from the sunlight, practically buried alive.

'The Spirit of the Whip Hand' is a primitive American spirit, languishing in the East, but apparently still vigorous in Chicago and the pine lands about Lake Michigan. Jack Halloran, the hero, is a poor youth who pays for his education by doing odd jobs, and then settles down to make his living by honest toil in the lumber business. He puts up singlehanded a fight against a lumber Trust, and wins with considerable pluck and gallantry. His character is strong, his adventures are thrilling, and if there are many men like him in the West the Republic is indeed safe for a long time. The author unfortunately knows very little about the art of novel-writing, and has adopted innumerable devices for encumbering his narrative and weakening the proper effect of his central figure.

'The Holladay Case' is a detective story with a family resemblance to the "Sherlock Holmes" series. It must be read with that complete indifference to probabilities which these romances exact from their admirers. It is one of the postulates of a detective story that everything shall be possible, up to a certain point, for the villains, while everything is impossible, up to the same point, for the detectives. The result is a sort of nightmare, as in the story before us. Life in Wall Street, or in any street, has even more risks than one takes account of if a start of surprise can make a Wall Street magnate stab himself to death by accident with his own penknife. That was what happened to Mr. Holladay, and suspicion naturally fell on the person who caused the surprise. The confidential clerk swore that this was Holladay's daughter, dressed in red, whereupon the lawyer, who is the Sherlock Holmes of the tale, easily proved that the clerk was color-blind, so that the murderer must have been dressed in green—a color that Miss Holladay never wore. But the exoneration of Miss Holladay is not the main interest, which centres in the conspiracy of a Frenchman to substitute his French wife for the American heiress. This young and energetic woman is accordingly kidnapped from her house in Fifth Avenue, confined for a while in Houston Street, and shipped to France with perfect ease. At this point the intelligence of her friends begins to work, and the game is up. Anyone with a taste for Conan Doyle who

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can do without the personality of Holmes may be recommended to read this story.

TWO ESSAYISTS.

Ponkapog Papers. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Varied Types. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

How it would have diverted Charles Lamb that any man's destiny should set him down to live at Ponkapog; that he should label his books with that terrific word, and become so enamored of its alliterative sound that, when away from it, he could feel at home only in a mountain retreat named Porcupine! In these days of cheap and hurried writing, Mr. Aldrich's reflections preserve an air of humorous leisure—that air of making a business of contemplation which was poor drudging Elia's most artistic achievement. We may be sure that, for Lamb's imagination, as he sauntered through Poplar or Islington, the old-clothes shops had suggestions such as came to Mr. Aldrich in the Bowery. "The contents of the dingy shops seemed to have revolted, and rushed pell mell out of doors and taken possession of the sidewalk. One could fancy that the rebellion had been quelled at this point, and that those ghastly rows of complete suits strung up on either side of the doorways were the bodies of the seditious ringleaders" (p. 7).

A third of this little volume is made up of short studies for essays, stray suggestions, often all the more effective because the reader's imagination is merely given a lift and left to mount alone: "Imagine all human beings swept off the face of the earth, excepting one man. Imagine this man in some vast city, New York or London. Imagine him on the third or fourth day of his solitude sitting in a house and hearing a ring at the doorbell" (p. 8). Since nothing that he might find on the doorstep could come up to the forebodings of that first stunning moment, Mr. Aldrich wisely leaves the modern Crusoe in his chair. The essays themselves, with one or two exceptions, are only a matter of two or three pages. The longest is a really charming study of Robert Herrick, with whose delicate and fanciful genius Mr. Aldrich has a natural sympathy. To Emily Dickinson (whose admirers will not like the title of this essay, "Un Poète Manqué,") Mr. Aldrich allows fancy but not much imagination:

"The incoherence and shapelessness of the greater part of her verse are fatal. On nearly every page one lights upon an unsupported exquisite line or a lonely happy epithet; but a single happy epithet or an isolated exquisite line does not constitute a poem. . . . A shy New England bluebird, shifting its light load of song, has for the moment been mistaken for a stray nightingale."

What he cannot forgive is the affectation which, as he thinks, made Emily Dickinson deliberately disregard form and finish.

Mr. Aldrich lives with such queer names that it is natural to find him writing an essay on them. "Fleabody and Other Queer Names" was suggested by Anthony Trollope's young woman from "the States," who bore the felicitous name Olivia Q. Fleabody, probably derived from Peabody—a name which Trollope may have thought more humorous than his own, so unconscious are we of anything queer in the names we bear or live with. Mr. Aldrich is amusing on Barry Cornwall, whose fatuous lines,

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

have burned themselves into most memories like other silly lines about the ocean written for the most part, as these were, by poets who had never been out of sight of land.

While Mr. Aldrich loiters in the by-paths, Mr. Chesterton drives fierce and fast along the main roads, and, on the whole, prefers the streets, since there one finds the crowd. It has been unfortunate for him that he made a reputation as a journalistic critic through his epigrams, which happened to catch the public taste as they appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*. His Life of Browning in the "English Men of Letters" series proves that he is not merely a writer of glittering paradoxes, but a critic with imagination, of all critics the rarest type. That a young and energetic critic should have a message to deliver, and should deliver it with emphasis, is, of course, not so rare; nor has Mr. Chesterton any essentially new message to emphasize. It is his gift of imaginative sympathy, his genuine seriousness, that set him apart among recent critics. One forgives his rather flashy epigrams and his flamboyant language as soon as one realizes that they are intended not only to surprise the reader, but to convert him; the founder of a new religion could not be more in earnest than Mr. Chesterton. He is, of course, not the first to assert the magic and mystery of the surface of life, that the commonplace is a miracle waiting to be realized by us who look on it with indifferent eyes. No one can have read Maeterlinck and failed to see that the aim of all his symbolism is to make men realize the strangeness of the familiar; far from importing the supernatural into life, he tries to show that nothing is natural, nothing is banal—only one must strive after an intensity of intelligence that will give one the power to look at things as though one had not seen them before; everything is symbolic to those that have eyes and see. Maeterlinck's is the appeal of the mystic. The appeal of the critic is to less excited nerves, and not through symbols, but the end is the same, to sharpen our recognition of common things, of the stupendous facts that men regard with such indolent tranquility:

"There runs a strange law through the length of human history—that men are continually tending to undervalue their environment, to undervalue their happiness, to undervalue themselves. . . . This is the great fall, the fall by which the fish forgets the sea, the ox forgets the meadow, the clerk forgets the city, every man forgets his environment, and, in the fullest and most literal sense, forgets himself."

Mr. Chesterton adores his own century, and abhors the decadent who would have felt more at home in any other. He has hardly more patience with such an ideal as that of William Morris, with his æsthetic reaction that some people mistook for a revolution:

"The men of the time of Chaucer had many evil qualities, but there was at least one exhibition of moral weakness they did not give. They would have laughed at the idea of dressing themselves in the manner of the bowmen at the battle of Senlac, or painting themselves an æsthetic blue after the custom of the ancient Britons. They would not have called that a movement at all. Whatever was beautiful in their dress or manners sprang honestly and naturally out of the life they led and preferred to lead. . . . This was the weak point in William Morris as a reformer—that he sought to reform modern life, and that he hated modern life instead of loving it. . . . The spirit of Morris has not seized hold of the century and made its humblest necessities beautiful. And this was because, with all his healthiness and energy, he had not the supreme courage to face the ugliness of things; Beauty shrank from the Beast, and the fairy tale had a different ending."

It is no reflection on the genuine originality of Mr. Chesterton to say that he occasionally recalls Stevenson:

"It is useless," he writes, "to deny that the miracles of science have not been such an incentive to art and imagination as were the miracles of religion. If men in the twelfth century had been told that the lightning had been driven for leagues underground, and had dragged at its destroying tail loads of laughing human beings, and if they had been told that the people alluded to this pulverizing portent chirpily as 'The Twopenny Tube,' they would have called down the fire of heaven on us as a race of half-witted atheists."

Stevenson, not so profoundly modern as Mr. Chesterton, pleads for the "old mild lustre" of gas-lamps in a passage that the younger critic may have echoed half-consciously; at any rate, the parallel is interesting if only because it reflects a real difference of style:

"Mankind, you would have thought," wrote Stevenson, "might have remained content with what Prometheus stole for them, and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of the storm. Yet here we have the levin-brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth."

In the matter of style, Mr. Chesterton has something to acquire and much to get rid of. The man who makes epigrams should, like the liar, have a long memory. But while the liar must keep his lie set up and ready for a new impression, the author of an epigram should break up his type forthwith. Mr. Chesterton's new volume scintillates with stale epigrams. In the essay on Tolstoy, in which he demonstrates the appalling strength of the doctrine of mildness and non-resistance, he remarks that in Tolstoy's mythology "St. George did not conquer the dragon; he tied a pink ribbon round its neck and gave it a saucer of milk." No one need be offended by this rather trivial conceit unless he should happen to remember Mr. Chesterton's criticism of the Greek notion of the monstrous. "It is extraordinary," he says in 'A Defence of Ugly Things,' "to watch the gradual emasculation of the monsters of Greek myth under the pestilent influence of the Apollo Belvedere. The chimera was a creature of whom any healthy-minded people would have been proud; but when we see it in Greek pictures we feel inclined to tie a ribbon round its neck and give it a saucer of milk." It never seems quite fair that a good story or a good epigram should not bear repetition; but it is a fact that Mr. Chesterton's very acute remarks on parody in his essay on Bret Harte lose much of their force for the reader who has just met the same phrases applied to satire in the essay on Pope.

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In every essay some paradox is maintained, and with much ingenuity and conviction. Mr. Chesterton, having said to himself that he must be a very shallow critic who cannot see that black is white, and that Clapham is built on a volcano, introduces Charlotte Brontë or St. Francis or Pope merely as lay figures on which to drape these eternal truths. The result is hardly to be called literary criticism; what these essays state is a philosophy of life, with illustrations from literature. The statement is always sincere and robust, but it nearly always lacks the quality of style which would give it permanent value. It is not for nothing that Browning is Mr. Chesterton's favorite poet; like Browning, what he cares about is rather the thought than the expression of it.

It is characteristic of Mr. Chesterton's haste that the volume is full of typographical errors. The most serious of these for the reader is the interchange of the top lines of pp. 233-4; in the Essay on Pope the page-headings are out of order; on page 202 we meet with "Une rêve."

The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck. With other letters from and to Prince Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. Two volumes. Pp. xxiv., 221; xxx., 237. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1903.

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, for while the first volume contains nearly two hundred letters and notes from William I. to Bismarck, and about one hundred from Bismarck to William I., the collection is hardly a correspondence: many of the communications are printed without the letters answering them or the letters which they answered. Much less should the collection be described as *the* correspondence between these historical personages; that is presumably locked up in the Prussian archives. Many of the royal letters are congratulations on birthdays and on other personal or family events, announcements of honors, thanks for services, etc. There is a little real correspondence, and correspondence of political interest, in the letters exchanged in connection with several of Bismarck's threatened resignations; and we are brought fairly into the field of political history in reading a few brief royal epistles written between 1863 and 1866. These are samples, evidently, of the "little notes" of which Bismarck frequently complained. They show what we knew before—that the King in no wise comprehended his premier's diplomacy and was often terrified by it. It was for this reason, probably, that Bismarck preserved them.

The premier's own letters are communications of which he preserved the draft or which were returned to him with royal comment. If a collector of autographs could have one, and but one, of the original letters, he would perhaps select, as characteristic of the two men, that in which Bismarck announced to the King that the troops of Napoleon III. had occupied the City of Mexico. The King, whose victories were at that time (1863) all in the future, returned this letter with the comment, "He is fortunate"; and Bismarck filed it away with the added comment, "Pourvu que cela dure" (pp. 23, 24).

Among the most interesting of Bismarck's letters is one in which, with extreme deference of manner and unwonted circumlocution, he suggests that a royal epistle already dispatched by courier to Queen Augusta should be recalled; because, as he humbly submits, if the news it contains regarding certain Austro-Prussian arrangements should indirectly reach Vienna, the Austrian Government would feel that there had been a breach of confidence, and the result of such a feeling might be war. The King promptly intercepted the letter by telegram (pp. 50-52).

The sub-title of the book, "with other letters from and to Prince Bismarck," describes the contents of the second volume, which are very miscellaneous. The letters from Crown Prince Frederick show that he was as little able as was his father to understand Bismarck's diplomacy before 1866. He desired the adoption of "a definite policy" in the Schleswig-Holstein question, and warned Bismarck against dreams of "expansion," because he feared that Prussia would "fall between two stools" (vol. ii., pp. 114, 115). What he meant, of course, was that Prussia would forfeit the sympathy of the German Liberals (who at that time wished to see the Augustenburg prince on the throne of Schleswig-Holstein) without securing the duchies for Prussia. The latest letters printed are from the spring of 1888. There are no letters from or to the present Emperor.

The collection contains material for the historian, but, excellent as is the translation, the conscientious historian will consult the German edition. Others, who buy the volumes in the expectation of finding a connected and self-explanatory "correspondence," will be disappointed. The selection is very arbitrary: it represents merely the personal interest which the letters possessed for Bismarck *himself*. The scanty notes translated from the German edition explain only such allusions as may perplex even a reader who is very familiar with the history of the period, and the notes added by the translator merely interpret a few technical terms and unfamiliar abbreviations. There are very few misprints; but the omission of a "not" in the opening sentence of the letter printed on page 57 of the first volume is destructive of the meaning. There is no index, but the table of contents is very full, indicating the subject of each letter.

Money and Banking: An Introduction to the Study of Modern Currencies. By William A Scott, Ph.D., Director of the School of Commerce and Professor of Economic History and Theory in the University of Wisconsin. Henry Holt & Co. Pp. x., 381. 1903.

The belated appearance of an adequate manual on money and banking gives fresh evidence of the erratic working of the law of supply and demand with respect to economic literature. For a decade or more, a conspicuous need of teachers and students of political economy in its practical aspects, both in this country and in England, has been a satisfactory text-book on the mechanism and technique of economic exchange. The place which up to that time had been fairly well filled by books such as Jevons's 'Money and the Mechanism of Exchange' and Francis A. Walker's Johns Hopkins University lectures on 'Money,' and, a few years later, by the same author's Lowell Institute course on 'Money, Trade, and Industry,' has become increasingly bare. Specific purposes have been served by the use of Laughlin's 'History of Bimetallism in Europe,' Taussig's 'Silver Situation in the United States,' Dunbar's 'History and Theory of Banking,' and Horace White's 'Money and Banking.' But, in the main, Professor Scott is entirely right in saying that the need of a suitable text-book on money and banking has been felt by every teacher of political economy, and that no one of the books available for the English-speaking student covers the entire ground in a comprehensive manner, and that few, if any of them, have been written with the needs of the student distinctly in mind.

It will be generally agreed that the present work is a cheering approximation to the desideratum thus indicated. The self-respecting teacher of political economy will probably continue to lament the absence of "a good text-book" on monetary theory and practice, and contemplate writing one for himself; but until this ideal be obtained, he will experience less embarrassment than heretofore in the selection of the least unsuitable manual. The merits of Professor Scott's book are an intelligent appreciation of the place of monetary phenomena in modern economic life, and an intimate acquaintance, born of successful academic experience, with student needs and difficulties in the study of the subject. The arrangement of chapters is convenient; the bibliographical apparatus is helpful.

Such defects as the book reveals are in large measure traceable to the embarrassment which the scientist as text-book writer inevitably experiences in harmonizing positive contribution with elementary exposition. As an original writer and thinker in monetary science, Professor Scott stands, like the group of careful students whom Professor Laughlin has trained, for trenchant criticism of the so-called quantity theory of money. A careful paper, published as far back as March, 1897, gave evidence of the vigor and originality of Professor Scott's thought in this direction. In the six years since elapsed, an important doctrinal controversy has developed, and while it would perhaps be an unreasonable demand that a substantial volume of four hundred pages emanating from one of the controversionalists should contain no contribution thereto, the penalty of unrestraint has been a certain incongruity in scope. The chapters dealing with the standard of value and the quantity theory of prices are pitched in a distinctly higher key than the bulk of the volume—not because these are abstruse, theoretical parts of the subject incapable of expression in words of one syllable, but from the fact that the expositor is here necessarily merged in the advocate. The reader feels that the assurance of the preface that, in considering debated issues, the author, while not attempting to conceal his own views, would present both sides of the question, has been observed scantily in letter and not at all in spirit. He feels it the more because, in other places, as in the discussion of the theory of bimetallism, the author's attitude is conspicuously judicious and well balanced.

Professor Scott's exposition of monetary theories would have gained in usefulness by some reference to their historical development. Thus, in discussing Gresham's

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law, attention might properly have been called to the respective contributions to it of David Ricardo and Francis A. Walker, however vigorously the author dissent from the resultant. Almost alone among modern writers on money, the lamented Prof. Sidney Sherwood seemed to realize the importance of associating the history of monetary theories with the critical discussion of their actual content.

Bimetallism receives full and intelligent treatment at Professor Scott's hands, with the striking exception that no reference is made to the international negotiations carried on by the United States, through the agency of the Wolcott Commission, in the spring and summer of 1899. As bare of positive results as any of the international monetary conferences that preceded it, this effort is still of considerable significance in the history of the movement. England then for the first time learned of India's unwillingness to reopen her mints to the free coinage of silver; active and not-to-be-despised bimetallic agitation in France suffered a crushing reverse; and, most important of all, a considerable body of thoughtful people in the United States then became convinced of the utter futility of further striving towards international bimetallism, and, consequently, of the impractibility of any other course than the adoption of the gold standard by the United States.

Despite the author's evident painstaking care, certain omissions and infelicities have crept in, to be eliminated in the future editions which there is every reason to anticipate. We note only the phrase "to put it up" (p. 8) in the sense of "to use"; the statement (p. 131) that one of the advantages of bank currency is that the stub of a checkbook constitutes a convenient record of expenditures; and the apparent omission from the detailed list of references of Launhard's discussion of the quantity theory noted on page 68.

The History of the Talmud, from the Time of its Formation, about 200 B. C., up to the Present Time. By Michael L. Rodkinson. New York: New Talmud Publishing Company. 1903. 2 vols. Pp. x., 160, vi., 106. Portrait.

The translation of the Talmud by Dr. Rodkinson we have dealt with briefly in "Notes," volume by volume, as it appears. It may be in place, however, in connection with this introductory history, to discuss somewhat more exactly the general plan of the work. With the storm which greeted the first volumes, but which now, happily, is blowing over, we have nothing more to do. Its causes were evidently in great part personal and racial. Dr. Rodkinson's work, on the other hand, has now passed to a public beyond all such limitations and jealousies.

He is, evidently, a most learned Talmudist of the ancient type. Further, he has largely succeeded in adding to this early training much of the tone and attitude of modern scholarship. To completely make over a student from the Russian rabbinical schools into a graduate of one of our Western universities is manifestly impossible, and probably undesirable. But that one who dabbled in his early days in books of fate and the mysteries of Zohar should come, in his later years, to be the translator of the Talmud into English, and English most able and nervous at that, is only another proof of the possibilities inherent in the Jewish race and of the transforming and assimilating power of our civilization. But, in part, the form of his enterprise has been *malgré lui*. This translation is only an appendix to a much larger scheme, an edition of the Talmud in the original. The Talmud, as yet, has never been edited; many have shrunk from the task on religious grounds; others because of the hopeless labor—hopeless on account of the size of the book and the inadequacy of the materials. Others, more reasonably, have urged that it would be unscientific and impossible to reduce to a precise text a book that originated orally, was long transmitted orally, and never, perhaps, reached a fixed recension. The problem, thus, is much that of editing the Arabic text of 'The 1,001 Nights,' a similarly gigantic oral and floating compilation, and raises the question, What is the text to be edited? In the case of 'The Nights' the problem has been solved by leaving the original alone and producing eclectic translations. Such, too, is the solution to which the logic of the case has forced Dr. Rodkinson. His revised text is still unprinted, but his translation, pruning repetitions and absurdities, combining, arranging, and paragraphing, is now well advanced in publication.

That such a method, inevitable though it may be, would arouse criticism was to be expected. Worshippers of the printed text, to whom every repetition was sacred, and reverencers of the critical faith that is in MSS. were equally scandalized. Besides these ungrounded panics, a genuine cause for fear undoubtedly lay, and lies, in the liberty which Dr. Rodkinson claims to strike from his translation what for him is too manifestly absurd to have been uttered by any sage of the Talmud. There are, he holds, many such interpolations made by enemies to cast ridicule on the book and its methods. The reply to this can only be that it is for each reader to judge as to degrees of absurdity; much of the kind, and most mirthful, too, has been left in this translation. But, for all this chance of disagreement, the translation should be heartily welcomed, and the iron industry of the translator—brazen-bowelled as was ever Greek grammarian—must be admired and commended. He is doing a piece of work of which he may well be proud, and setting an example of broad treatment to Western scholars, who too often give to details the time which should yield results.

Practically the same must be said of the present historical introduction. Few modern students will admit Dr. Rodkinson's view of the beginnings of the Talmud; his learning none will doubt. The later history is well told, and especially that in which the writer himself had a part. Generally, if the unlearned reader will bear in mind that he is dealing with a product of the traditional rabbinical school, he may trust himself safely to this guidance. And nowadays one has to bear in mind that every book is the product of some school or other. We wish Dr. Rodkinson, then, health and vigor for his long task.

Anna Swanwick: A Memoir. Compiled by her Niece, Mary L. Bruce. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1903.

Beyond the small group of those who, caring for Goethe and Æschylus, care only enough to read them in translations, the name of Anna Swanwick must be wholly unfamiliar. Few writers have secured a reputation solely on the grounds of a successful translation. North's 'Plutarch,' Cary's or Carlyle's 'Dante,' suggest some of these exceptional persons whose names are forever linked to the classic masterpieces over which they unselfishly toiled. Such a one as they was Anna Swanwick; but when she chose the translation of "Faust" and the dramas of Æschylus for her life-work, she lighted on masterpieces of which a final translation can never be made, and certainly no translation which for any length of time will satisfy the demands of the scholar who is a literary critic. For a decade or so, however, to read Æschylus in English meant, in England at least, to read Anna Swanwick. Her fashion has passed; Morshead or even Professor Lewis Campbell has taken her place in a generation that is not to be put off with "graceful" and "elegant" versions of poets who are neither elegant nor graceful. Miss Swanwick's translation of "Faust" has also been superseded, notably by that of Mr. Webb; but hers will always rank among the best, and, since it includes the Second Part, has a special value. About the time when she was translating Goethe, Carlyle was making the study of German literature fashionable, and she profited by an enthusiasm that demanded translations of Freiligrath for the provincial papers.

Miss Swanwick, who died in 1899, lived through eighty-five years, in which a visit to Berlin and a tour in Switzerland were the only recorded events. A life spent in a drawing room on the edge of Regent's Park may, of course, be as dramatic in its way as Cleopatra's if one could but learn the secrets of it. But Miss Swanwick's biographer had no written material, no *journal intime*, to inspire her, and she was reduced to collecting from Miss Swanwick's friends testimonials of her life and character, which are dull as such things must be even when they are written by the master of Trinity and Mr. Bryce. Among the intimate friends of Miss Swanwick were Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lecky, and many other distinguished men, such as Dr. Martineau and Francis Newman, who were attracted to the quiet house in Cumberland Terrace by the personal charm and conversational powers of which we get no glimpse in this memoir.

The recent publication of Mr. Morley's Life of Gladstone adds interest to a passage in a letter by Miss Swanwick. She was breakfasting with Gladstone soon after the appearance of Morley's Life of Richard Cobden.' Mr. Gladstone spoke with appreciation of the book,

"while at the same time giving expression to the opinion that, in delineating the character of his hero, the biographer had not done justice to the *religious* element, with which he had evidently no sympathy. . . . Mr. Morley's rejection of religion leaves unexplained the fact that the existence of a Power beyond humanity has been recognized in every age and every clime. That Mr. Cobden recognized that Power and experienced the religious emotions consequent upon that recognition, appears from passages in his 'Life' which tend to

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refute Mr. Morley's judgment as to his negative attitude towards religion, and to confirm Mr. Gladstone's opinion as expressed above."

Miss Swanwick was an advocate of woman's rights, but she was not of the militant type. In fact, it seems that she, like many Englishwomen, were roused to self-assertion by the treatment of a

"noble band of women workers, headed by Lucretia Mott, who came from Massachusetts . . . to join a great anti-slavery convention in London in 1840. When the meeting opened, these ladies were refused admittance on account of their sex! . . . This flagrant act of injustice planted the seed of discontent in many a woman's mind, and Anna Swanwick, feeling within her the same spirit that animated Lucretia Mott, . . . determined to help her sex to take their proper place in the body politic" (p. 158).

This sectarian action on the part of the "World's Convention" may be studied in detail in the 'Life of Garrison.'

We might dwell on Miss Swanwick's charities and her work in the cause of the education of women, but that not to have had such interests would be surprising in an unmarried woman of some fortune and much intelligence. She was educated by Dr. Martineau and Francis Newman, the cardinal's gifted brother. After all, a women's college must have seemed a makeshift to one whose own training had been so liberal yet so informal.

In Search of a Siberian Klondike. Narrated by W. B. Vanderlip, and edited by H. B. Hulbert. The Century Co. 1903. 8vo., pp. xviii., 315.

The northeastern extreme of Siberia is one of the regions of the earth least known to the general public, and even to the geographer. A century ago it was the scene of explorations of which the records are among the rarities of a geographer's library. Later the penetration, by the American whaling fleet, of Polar waters beyond Bering Strait made the shores and native inhabitants better known to the navigator; and the visit of a few vessels connected with the search for Sir John Franklin gave occasion for one or two popular narratives, now almost forgotten. In 1866-8 the explorations for a telegraph line to connect the two continents by way of Bering Strait were instrumental in giving us the first modern descriptions of the interior, in volumes by Bush and Kennan. With the exception of some reports by military or naval officers concerned with the *Jeannette* rescue expedition, or the voyage of the *Vega*, and necessarily of a rather superficial character, nothing of any value has been written since, for the general reader.

After the discoveries of gold in the Klondike and at Nome, it was natural that the prospector should endeavor to discover whether the belt of gold-bearing rocks so productive in the Yukon territory and Alaska is or is not continued beyond the straits on the Asiatic side of Bering Sea. Knowing that, where the two continents approach most nearly, the character of the rocks on the two sides is strongly contrasted, those familiar with these shores were the least hopeful. But the unexpected frequently happens in mining matters, and not a few were willing to risk the cost and labor of exploration to determine the actual state of the case. Mr. Vanderlip, a professional prospector, who had been engaged in mining in Korea, had the idea of offering his services for this purpose, and, proceeding to Vladivostok, was immediately engaged by a Russian firm with the full approval of the local authorities.

His instructions contemplated prospecting in Kamtchatka near Petropavlovsk, along the eastern coast of the peninsula and on the Commander Islands; then on the northern and eastern shores of the Okhotsk Sea, and northeastward into the interior, as circumstances might seem to indicate. He was supplied with documents, authorizing him to call upon Russian officials for whatever help he needed, whether subsistence or transportation, and took with him a supply of such trading goods as are necessary to pay one's way among uncivilized people and in a country where money is practically unknown. The Russian Chartered Company holds the monopoly of the fur trade in these regions. An annual vessel visits the various ports where business is done, carrying supplies of all sorts and bringing back the annual stock of purchased furs. On the same vessel the Russian governor-general makes his yearly inspection of the convict settlements on Sakhalin Island and the trading posts on the Russian coasts of Bering Sea, as far north as the Anadyr River. This being the only means of reaching Kamtchatka short of chartering a private vessel, Mr. Vanderlip embarked with his cargo, two Korean miners, and a young Russian of some education.

Leaving Vladivostok on the 22d of July, on the steamer *Cosmopolite*, the first stop was made at the convict station of Korsakovsk on the island of Sakhalin. Here are sent only the most hardened criminals, mostly murderers (for there is no capital punishment except for treason in Russia, and political prisoners are not sent to Sakhalin). After a stay of a few hours the steamer proceeded, with the intention of rounding the southern end of the island, but about eight o'clock in the evening brought up in the fog on the rocks of the coast and became a total wreck, fortunately without loss of life. The party returned to Korsakovsk, and a relief steamer, secured by telegraph, arrived in about six days. In spite of the loss of his equipment, Mr. Vanderlip decided to continue on his way and live off the country. Petropavlovsk was reached, and the supposed copper deposits examined, but without discovering any economically valuable ore. Thence the party proceeded to the Okhotsk Sea, touching at the Tigil River on their way to the Ghijiga River and Settlement.

From Ghijiga as a centre, prospecting was done in various directions covering the headwaters of the river and both slopes of the adjacent portions of the Stanovoi range of mountains. Much of the time the party was among the uncivilized Korak tribes, of whom interesting details are given. Nowhere was gold found in paying quantity. Subsequently a trip was made to the northeast through the Chukchi country across the neck of the peninsula to Bering Sea and along the coast to Baron Korff Bay, and, finally, after much hardship, back again to the Okhotsk coast and Ghijiga. Of the Chukchi, Mr. Vanderlip speaks in the highest terms, and apparently with good reason. He says of the object of the expedition: "Though there may be gold within the radius that I covered, I satisfied myself that there were no extensive auriferous deposits on the streams flowing into the Okhotsk Sea near its head, nor in the beach sands along the shore of Bering Sea south of the Anadyr River."

During the succeeding spring, Mr. Vanderlip, with a chartered vessel and a large party of Russian miners, carefully examined the shores of the Chukchi peninsula from the Arctic circle round to Anadyr Bay, finding large deposits of lignitic coal west of Plover Bay, but no indications of the precious metals in quantities to pay for mining, thus confirming the unfavorable opinion which had been held by those previously most familiar with the coast in question.

While the narrative makes no pretensions to literary merit, it is a straightforward and interesting account of experience, enlivened with a vein of genial humor. Of its fidelity to truth there can be no question, and the narrator's observations on the manners and customs of the native people with whom he was so intimately thrown, make excellent reading. Among those living in the interior, during more than a hundred years since they were first visited the changes appear to have been very slight. The singular custom of intoxication by means of the dried toadstool (*Amanita*) is still continued by the Koraks as the earliest travellers described it. The coast Eskimo, or "sedentary Chukchi" of the earlier accounts, have suffered much from the introduction of liquor and disease by visiting traders. The true Chukchi, or "deer men," remain as formerly a bold and energetic race, untaxed and unconquerable, meeting the white man (other than the hated Russian) with the courtesy of an equal and with generous hospitality.

The book is well printed, with many excellent illustrations from photographs by the author, but would have been more complete had an index been provided.

The New Era in the Philippines. By the Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co.

This lucubration should have been put forth as a pamphlet on Protestant missionary work in the islands, or as a tract, in which sort of document the author might be presumed to have a right to quote poetry and prose philosophy (of most recent production) to his heart's content. It has no claim whatever to being "a vigorous statement of the conditions and needs of our new possessions, written from personal observation." The author is Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and spent two months, more or less, in 1901, visiting Manila and a few points in the Bisayas. All but the first nine of the twenty-nine chapters are devoted to matters related to the Protestant missions and their work. From the standpoint of one who believes that the regeneration of the Filipinos depends upon Protestantizing them, and that the masses of them are eagerly waiting to have this transformation worked in them, Mr. Brown's sermon —for it would best have been delivered as such—is a very fair sort of argument. To hold him strictly to facts, however, would disturb his logical sequence not in-

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frequently. He thinks the former friar-priests very rarely preached to the Filipinos; is unaware that occasional Protestant proselyters from Spain and England were not slaughtered outright in cold blood by cruel Spain for preaching and introducing the Bible; apparently regards the recent translations of the Bible into Tagalog, Bisayan, and other dialects as most scholarly performances; seems to think it strange that the Spanish Governor-Generals "had no scruples about supporting the Church, not only personally, but also officially," when by their position they were the Vice-Royal Patrons of Religion, as representatives of the King of Spain; and gravely pronounces the Jesuit Observatory (established in 1865) the greatest thing the Roman Catholic occupation ever did for the Philippines. He cites as one of the Protestant missionaries to whom "no other Americans there can give points on tact," a man who recently, for the fortieth time, in a public sermon in Manila warned Americans to beware lest the Filipinos should repeat on them the history of the Sepoy rebellion and massacres. He appeals for Protestant schools in the islands on precisely the same grounds on which the Roman Catholic prelates there have based their opposition to the public schools, thereby incurring his censure. Bishop Salazar, too, felt, over three hundred years ago, that Providence was bringing the Chinese to the Philippines to be made Christians. In the same vein the reverend author urges free admission of Chinese, coolies and all, to the Philippines. He last year published a report in which he said they were "so absolutely indispensable to industrial and commercial development" that without them we shall "never get out of the Philippines more than half of what they will cost us."

As to the chapters devoted to Philippine conditions in general, which alone can justify putting this book out as one to enlighten the public about our new problems, the less said the better. They are full of such errors as calling the Indonesian hill tribes of Mindanao Mohammedans, and saying that "Spain never attempted a real occupation" of Samar, and of such snap-judgments as the assertions that Legaspi's successors as Governor-Generals were, "with few exceptions, cruel, avaricious, and corrupt." Taken as a whole, this book is only another illustration of the inconsequent way in which so many Americans are just now rushing into type.

The Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia: Being Babylonian and Assyrian incantations against the demons, ghouls, vampires, hobgoblins, ghosts, and kindred evil spirits, which attack mankind. Translated from the original Cuneiform texts, with transliterations, vocabulary, notes, etc. By R. Campbell Thompson, M. A. Vol. I. "Evil Spirits." London: Luzac & Co. 1903.

This work in two volumes, of which the second is yet in the press, contains the English transliterations and translations with brief notes of the collections of evil-spirit texts published by the trustees of the British Museum in the sixteenth and seventeenth parts of "Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets, etc." These texts are contained in about 240 tablets and fragments in the possession of the British Museum, for the most part from the library of Ashurbanipal, of which 160 are now published for the first time. They contain copies of all the tablets belonging to the series on "Evil Spirits," "Fever Sickness," and "Headache." Although one of these tablets is dated as late as "the one hundred and eighth year of Seleucus and the forty-fourth of Antiochus," and none of them is earlier than the time of Ashurbanipal, nevertheless, all are written in Sumerian, generally with a Semitic interlinear translation, and it may fairly be assumed that they represent the magical-religious ideas of the pre-Semitic population of Babylonia, 4000 B. C. or even earlier. When the Semites entered the country they seem to have been little more than nomads, with a very rudimentary civilization and unformulated religious ideas, so that they readily took over, practically in their entirety, the Sumerian devil and evil-spirit doctrines. From them these doctrines, with the magical practices connected with them, spread to the Hebrews and other western Semitic populations, and ultimately through them reached and affected Europe. The famous Lilith, the wife of Adam in Rabbinic lore, is a name borrowed from the old Sumerian, where, in both the masculine and feminine form, it represents some kind of ghost; and the conception of the marriage of a man with a *lilith* is borrowed from the same source. Similarly, the word *shedim*, a common word for demons in the Hebrew prophets, is borrowed from the ancient Sumerians.

The ghost or departed spirit played a prominent part in Sumerian demonology, and one important form of sorcery practised among the Babylonians and Assyrians, as also among the Hebrews, by ultimate derivation from the Sumerians, was the raising of the departed spirit. The spirit of the dead naturally descended into the underworld, the house of darkness, where it eked out a wretched existence, depending, in part certainly, on the attentions of the living, the libations offered by its descendants or kinsfolk. If these libations failed to be offered, then it was liable, forced by the need of subsistence, to come back to earth, where it wandered up and down seeking some luckless wight with whom it had a past connection, either of kinship or of hospitality, by grace of which it could plague and torment him until such time as it was exorcised by a priest. Similarly, the ghosts of unburied or uncared-for men and women, the spirits of those who died violent or unnatural deaths, and particularly of women who died in childbed, returned to earth to haunt and harass the living. There were also ghouls, hobgoblins, and fiends of various descriptions who inhabited desert places, ruins, old tombs, and the like. Most famous and often mentioned in these incantations are the seven evil spirits, who appear even in the New Testament and in post-Christian Syrian charms. Mr. Thompson, in his introduction, gives an admirable summary of what is now known of all these spirits and demons who were the authors of the ills that befall mankind—sickness, loss of offspring, storms, whirlwinds, and the like, and the methods by which they were exorcised.

The texts printed in this volume are connected especially with Eridu and its god Ea. Through Ea and his son Marduk is obtained the information by which the spirits are to be exorcised, and frequent mention is made of the incantation of Eridu. Water is a common element in these exorcisms, as the element of Ea in which his essence was supposed to be always present. Besides water, we find meteoric stones, branches (especially of a certain plant, *kishkanu*, also from Eridu), and spittle, used as the materials of exorcism. The incantation often takes the form of a story of the way in which the gods overcame the evil spirit to which some particular malady or misfortune was attributed, with mention of the name of the spirit, as evidence of that knowledge on the part of the exorcist which is power. A good example of this type of incantation is the exorcism of the worm, to be used in case of toothache, "believed to be due to the gnawing of small worms." This commences with the creation of the world—the heavens by Anu, the earth by the heavens, the rivers by the earth, the canals by the rivers, the marshes by the canals, and the worm by the marshes. The worm then weeps before Shamash and Ea, asking what shall be its food. It is given, among other things, dry bones for food. Then it says (p. lxiv.):

> "Let me drink among the teeth,
> And set me on the gums;
> That I may devour the blood of the teeth,
> And of their gums destroy their strength."

The exorcist, having thus shown his knowledge of the cause of the toothache, is instructed to utter his exorcism thus:

> "O Worm!
> May Ea smite thee with the might of his fist!"

It is an incantation of this sort of which a part was mistaken by Sayce and Pinches for the Babylonian story of Eden. This text, to which considerable additions have now been made, Mr. Thompson shows satisfactorily had nothing whatever to do with the myth of Eden, but is, in fact, an incantation of Eridu, in general character not unlike several others contained in this volume.

The book, both in its introduction and in the texts here presented, is a valuable contribution to the study of primitive religious ideas in general, a value which is vastly enhanced by the fact that it is this Sumerian demonology in particular which is the direct ancestor of the witchcraft and spirit lore of the entire Western world. In mechanical execution the book is admirable. It is sightly to look at, convenient in size and weight, with paper of good body, generously spaced and margined. It is volume xiv. in Luzac's "Semitic Text and Translation Series."

The Influence of Christianity upon National Character, Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints. Being the Bampton Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1903 by William Holden Hutton. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

In Mr. Hutton's 'English Saints' the inspiration of genuine devotion has enabled the writer to put himself in perfect sympathy, one may say, with the gentle souls who took refuge in convent or wilderness from the brutalities of mediæval life, as well as with those other ardent and perhaps more praiseworthy spirits who stood their ground in the midst of the evil of the world and endeavored to subdue men to the likeness of their Master. Only here and there does the author's clerical bias lead him to extend unduly the same sympathy to men whose claim to saintship rests rather on their services to ecclesiastical organization than

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on the exhibition of a spirit of self-abnegation and unworld[illegible]. The modern reader inevitably views with suspicion the very title of the sixth lecture, "The Statesmen Saints," and, notwithstanding the glamour of mediæval tradition, there is little in the career of St. Thomas of Canterbury, for instance, to lull that suspicion. From a similar point of view, one cannot but regard as a mistake the inclusion in this volume of King Charles I., in whom, if there was indeed any saintliness, there went along with it so much wrongheadedness and folly that only a High Churchman can see the former.

With the exception of a hitherto unprinted life of St. Edward the King (from a manuscript in St. John's College, Oxford) the book cannot be said to contain anything of original value; but in fulness of knowledge and accuracy of statement it meets all the demands of scientific criticism, and will be read with pleasure even by professional students of the Middle Ages. Many readers will regret, however, that the author should have given expression to his belief in the hideous story once connected especially with the name of St. William of Norwich, which has again during the present year, in the massacres of Kishenev, done such fatal service in the cause of superstition and inhumanity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's El Niño de la Bola, edited by Rudolph Schwill. American Book Co.
Bridge, Sir Frederick. Samuel Pepys, Lover of Musique. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
Cazamian, Louis. Le Roman Social en Angleterre (1830-1850). Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 7 fr. 50.
Day, Lewis F. Pattern Design. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. $3 net.
Field, Edward Salisbury. The Quest and Other Poems. Boston: The Gorham Press.
Galdos's Doña Perfecta, edited by Edwin Seelye Lewis. American Book Co.
Johnston, Sir Harry. The Nile Quest. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Kitson, Arthur. The Money Problem. London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
La Fontaine's Fables, edited by Kenneth McKenzie. American Book Co.
Lincoln, James. Relishes of Rhyme. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.25.
Long, John D. The New American Navy. The Outlook Co. $5 net.
Mérimée's Colomba, edited by Hiram Parker Williamson. American Book Co.
Monroe, Harriet. The Passing Show: Five Modern Plays in Verse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Parmenter's Helio-Tropes, or New Posies for Sundials. Edited by Perceval Landon. London: Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d. net.
Reade, T. Mellard. The Evolution of Earth Structure. Longmans, Green & Co. $7 net; by mail, $7.22.
Suplee, Henry Harrison. The Mechanical Engineer's Reference Book. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Taft, Lorado. The History of American Sculpture. (The History of American Art.) The Macmillan Co. $6 net.
The Book of Psalms. Translated from the Massoretic text. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, paraphrased by Ruel William Whitney. Privately printed.
The Tenement House Problem: Including the Report of the New York State Tenement House Commission of 1900. By various writers. Edited by Robert W. De Forest and Lawrence Veiller. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co.
Volk, John. Songs and Poems in Danish and English. "Nordlysets" Forlag.
Von Mach, Edmund. Greek Sculpture. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Wallace, Alfred R. Man's Place in the Universe: A Study of the Results of Scientific Research in relation to the Unity or Plurality of Worlds. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wallace, Alexander. The Heather in Lore, Lyric, and Lay. New York: A. T. de la Mare Printing and Publishing Co. $1.50.
Whitaker's Almanack for 1904. London: J. Whitaker & Sons. 2s. 6d.
Whitaker's Peerage for 1904. London: J. Whitaker & Sons.
Wiley, Franklin Baldwin. Voices and Visions. (Verse.) Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.25.
Willson, Beckles. Ledger and Sword, or The Honourable Company of Merchants of England Trading to the East Indies, 1599-1874. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $7 net; by mail, $7.35.

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— Times' Saturday Review.

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